THE AMOURS OF *Bonne Sforza,* QUEEN OF Polonia.

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TO THE

Most Accomplish't Lady,

MADAM

Mary-Elizabeth Manly.

Madam,

THis Title does so justly speak your Perfections in the great, that it may ease me of the Modish Labour

of retailing them in this Epistle, & you of the trouble of reading the uneasy repetitions of these Elogyes (so nautious to generous minds, though never so deservedly expressed) which you daily receive from all parts. You, *Madam*, who are so remarkably known by your own Merits, that it is the same to dedicate to you, as to say, to the most vertuously accomplished Lady in the World. And though I

am

am full of confidence, that if this wanton Queen, whose story I humbly present to you, were ever to have been reclaimed, it must have been through the benign'd influence of so examplary a Virgin as yours, I have taken the boldness to recommend this little Peace, not so much to your protection, as to the judicial censure of so absolute a Mistris of Languages, as you are *Madam*, in hopes that you

The Epistle, &c.

will be a Judge as favourable, as you are decerning, in the endeavours of

Madam,

Your most Humble

Servant,

P. P.

Advice

Advice to the

READER.

Reader,

I *Think that a Word of Advice concerning this Little Book, will not be altogether uſeleſs. There may be divers Perſons, who not very learned in the Amorous Chronicles of Princes, would be ready to condemn that Liberty which I take of making the Gallant Hiſtory of a Queen; but the Publick may be informed, that She of whom I ſpeak, has been according to the moſt ſincere Hiſtorians, one of the Princes in the World, that has moſt cauſed her ſelf to be ſpoken of, on the Account of Gallantiſing. And that towards the latter end of her dayes, having retired her ſelf in her Dutchy of* Barr, *ſcituated in the*

To the Reader.

Kingdom of Naples, *She died there, in the Armes of* Pappacoda *her Lover, That the Laſt ſigh ſhe ſhould ſend forth, might be a ſigh of Love.*

It is eaſy to Judge from thoſe faithful ſtrokes of the Hyſtorian, if that the Adventures which I relate of this Princeſs are unjuſt, and whether it be Impoſition to give her two or three Lovers, who were much more Worthy than her Pappacoda. *As to what concernes the* Biſhop, *I confeſs that there might be ſomething of my own in thoſe Incidents which I beſtow on him. But beſides that from all Ages, Perſons of that Character have paſſed for the Children of* Adam *as well as others; We ſee by a great number of examples, that in this Age, they are not over much reformed, and that men lay down their Humane frailtyes but with their Lives.*

A Catalogue of some Novels, Printed for *R. Bentley* and *M. Magnes*.

1. *Zelinda* a famed *Romance*.
2. *Happy Slave*, in three Parts.
3. Count *Brion*.
4. Count *Gabales*.
5. *Haligé*, or the *Amours of the King* of *Tamaran*.
6. *Mad. Laviter* and the *King* of *France*.
7. *Mad.* and the *Duke* of *Guise*.
8. *Mad. Colona's* Memories.
9. Queen of *Majork*, two Parts.
10. *Don Lebastian* King of *Pourtingal*.
11. *Heroine Masquiter*.
12. Princess of *Cleves*.
13. *Obligng Mistris*.

14. *Fatal*

14. *Fatal Prudence.*
15. *Princeſs of Fezz.*
16. *Diſorders of Love.*
17. *Triumph of Love.*
18. *Victorious Lovers.*
19. *Allmanzar* and *Allmanzaid.*
20. *Earl* of *Eſſex* and *Queen Elizabeth.*
21. *Neopolitan,* or the *Defender* of his *Miſtris.*
22. *Nicoratis.*
23. *Amorous Abbeſs.*
24. *Homais Queen* of *Tunis.*
25. *Pilgrim* in two Parts.
26. *Meronious, Prince* of the Blood *Royal* of *France.*
28. *Life* of the *Duke Guiſe.*
29. *Extravagant Poet.*
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Plutoes Apology of *Socrates*.
Natural History of the *Passions*.
Bishop *Andrews* Devotions.
Vanity of *Arts* and *Sciences*.
The *Officers* of the Mouth.
Kalandarium Hortencey.

THE

THE

THE AMOURS OF *Bonne Sforza*, QUEEN of *POLONIA*.

AFter the Death of Queen *Barbara*, the General Diet of *Poland* having Repreſented unto *Sigiſmondus* their King, that the Good of the State required he ſhould Marry again; He took to ſecond Wife, the Princeſs *Bonna*, Daughter unto *John Galeas*, Duke of *Milan*.

That Princeſs, whoſe Beauty had made ſuch a noiſe in the World, was Received by the *Polanders* with ſuch Magnificence and

Acclamations, as ſpread themſelves into the moſt remote parts of that Kingdom. They were ſuch Feaſtings and Rejoycings, as laſted ſo much the more, by reaſon that the Queen did ſeem to take Great Delight in them, and that ſhe was the firſt alſo, in inventing very Gallant Ones.

That Court, beſides the Strangers that were there at ſuch a time, was then Compoſed of the Gallanteſt Perſons in *Europe*, who in ſuch an Occaſion did all endeavour to outvye one another, not only in Gallantry and Activity, but in ſuch a Magnificence alſo, with ſo Prodigious Expence, that the King was Obliged to put a ſtop to their Profuſions, in ſetting of Limits to theſe Feſtivals.

The Queen, who came from ſo Gallant a Country as is *Italy*, had heard talk of *Poland*, as of a Barbarous Place. At leaſt ſhe had ſo little expected to ſee, what ſhe did

did ſee there, that ſhe was wholly ſurpriz'd, and did no longer regret ſo much, that which ſhe had lately left.

She was Naturally of a very Gallant Humour, and ſhe was Charm'd with the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Effects, which her Beauty did produce in all hearts. Neither was ſhe much inſenſible for her part; and having found in the Court ſuch *Cavaliers*, as well deſerved to be conſidered, ſhe did not ſcruple to mix ſometimes ſome Sighs, with thoſe Adorations that others had for Her.

As there was nothing more Beautiful than her Perſon, and that She contributed alſo by all her Charming wayes, in the gaining of the Hearts, as well as good Wiſhes, of all Perſons, ſhe preſently had as many Adorers as Subjects. Amongſt which ſhe would make Choice of thoſe that were moſt to her mind, which ſhe call'd

her *Select*, and upon these there was bestowed sometimes a *Ring*, sometimes a *Scarfe*, a *Bracelet*, a *Picture*, other *Presents* and *Favors*, which were rendered more Considerable by the Manner and Time of giving them, than all that can be reckoned most sensibly moving in Love.

They were not only young *Cavaliers* that felt the Effects of this Charming Poyson; But the Ministers of State also, of all Ages, and even those of the Gown, that had the greatest Esteem, and the most Power in the State. She knew how to entertain them all with those little Favours, each in such a certain Confidence of his own good Fortune, that there was not one amongst them, but flattered himself of having the best share in her Favour. And in that Opinion, her Cyphers and Colours were seen in all places; every day did afford some *Tournament*, or *Festival*

ſtival for Love of her; beſides *Mottos*, *Verſes*, and a thouſand other *Gallantries*, which were Addreſſed to her alone.

Sigiſmond was a Prince very clear-ſighted; He was paſt fifty: An Age fit to entertain Jealouſie, eſpecially with a young Wife of her humour, and ſo Beautiful as was the Queen: But ſhe had the Art of Diſſipating all thoſe ſhadows her ſelf, making the King privy unto the Folly of all her Lovers, of which ſhe made Sport with him. This kind of pretended Sincerity, would quiet that good Prince's mind; and judging that it was Reaſonable he ſhould have ſome Complaiſance for a young Princeſs, who could not ſo readily lay aſide the Cuſtomes of her own Country, he permitted her to live after her own manner.

Thus the Number of the *Select* did daily encreaſe: There were but three Ladies only, that were not

well pleaſed with that Princeſſes Actions, above all the Fair ones, which ſhe did not Love. They were almoſt all forſaken by their Lovers. The Queen could not endure, that any thing ſhould be done for Love of them; and whoever did attempt it, was preſently out of Favour.

The Dutcheſs of *Oſſrog* was the only Perſon, that did ſomewhat uphold the Honour of the Ladies of the Country. She was a perfect Beauty; who did bear one of the firſt Ranks at Court; and the Perſon who at the very firſt, had given the moſt of Jealouſie unto the Queen. She had not all that ſpritely Ayr, nor that Pleaſantneſs, that the Beautifull brown Ladies have, as had this Charming Princeſs. But ſhe was a Woman of a great Preſence, of a Pleaſant Aſpect, and of an Excellent Stature; with theſe might be added, her Fair Complexion, her Eyes and

all

all the Features of her Face, with her Hairs of a Dazling Brightneſs. She was a Lover of Pleaſures and of Gallantryes, and yet for a long time ſhe did paſs for a Diſcreet Woman; which is the Art that Women of Wit uſe.

It was at this Dutcheſs's, that the moſt Rational Perſons of the Kingdom did daily reſort; and that was call'd, the Little Court; but ſuch a little Court, as frequently did give the firſt Motion unto all that was acted of moſt Gallant in the Greateſt. The *Count* of *Tarnaw*, was as the Head of it. He was the beſt ſhaped Lord of the Kingdom, who had the greateſt Wit, Brave, Gallant, Generous, Beloved of the King, and of all the Court.

The firſt Spight which the Queen had a mind to ſhew the Dutcheſs of *Oſtrog*, was to deprive her of that Lord, who was worth divers

divers others of that Court. And in ſo doing, ſhe did not only ſatisfie that Womaniſh Vanity of Carrying it above all others, but ſhe follow'd alſo the Inclinations of her heart; for *Tarnaw* was one of the moſt amiable men of the World. He was intimate Friend unto the Duke of *Oſtrog*, and it was thought that he might hold ſome place near the fair Dutcheſs alſo, but not peradventure that went ſo far as to Gallantiſe. At leaſt that was ſo well manag'd, that the Publick, who is but little indulgent on ſuch kind of things, did more favour the Dutcheſs, than it was wont to do in regard of other Ladies, for till then ſhe had not been ſuſpected. But the Queen, who was yet full of all the Maximes of her own Country, and that was not of opinion, That a man of Wit, and a Beautiful woman, could long ſee one another, without Conſequences, did not doubt

doubt but that *Tarnaw* was with the Dutchess in Title of Gallant after the highest manner.

She put in use all her Charmes, to make assault in point of Beauty, with that stately Lady. There was nothing but Kindnesses and Complaisances for *Tarnaw*. Presents, and such wayes, as were yet more ingaging than the Presents themselves, that would speak much, but all to no purpose; for no hearing nor seeing could be procured, *Tarnaw* did alwayes shew an unparallel'd Constancy, for the Dutchess's Party.

Not but that this *Cavalier*, as well as the rest, had found that there was nothing more Charming than the Queen; and that if he had followed the Tendency of his own Heart, he had submitted unto the necessity, of not casting one's Eyes on that Princess without adoring of her. But that Croud of Adorers which he did continually

behold about her, and which she received, did take him off. In this he thought it a point of Honour, not to do as the rest did, but to remain inseparably tyed unto the Dutchess. The Queen, who was not accustomed to so much Resistance, vexed at a Proceeding which she looked upon as an Injury offered to her Beauty by the *Count*; did in a moment, pass from all these Sweets unto mortal Hatred; and did shew nothing but Contempt for him. But that was not yet sufficient. Womens minds run more naturally unto Revenge; she was studying of one, which should Content her. For she could give it the satisfaction of Triumphing over her Rival; and of ruining the *Count*; which was by causing her self to be belov'd by the Duke of *Ostrog*.

The Duke was a man of Wit, who through the Character of General which he had, as well as by his Birth

Birth, did hold one of the first Ranks in the Kingdom. He was very much consider'd by the King, and he did understand very well his Duty; but he had Eyes and an Heart, that were made just like o-other mens. And what cannot a Beautiful Princess do, that employes all her Charms to corrupt the Fide-lity of a Gallant man? The Duke of *Ostrog* surrender'd himself, and so soon as he was permitted to be heard, he offer'd Vows and Ho-mages, Life and Fortune, and all that he could offer. But as he had more measures to observe than the rest of the Selected, he did more Closely manage himself, and would not allow, that his Passion should have any other Witnesses than the Queen and his own Heart.

That Princess, who had her De-signs, and who desired no further of Love, then the Noise and Ru-mour of it, did not well like the

prudence

prudence of her Gallant; It availed nothing to be belov'd by the Duke, except the Dutcheſs knew of it. She did all that ſhe could to let her know it; which would ſometimes put the diſcreet Huſband into deſpair. And there were ſome moments, in which he would repent of having engaged himſelf ſo far. And if it were with Love as with other things, that one might rid one ſelf of it at pleaſure, he had peradventure renounced unto that which he had for the moſt Charming Princeſs of the world; but the moſt Dangerous alſo, and the moſt fit to diſturb a good Family.

It was not that he lov'd his Wife more than Courtiers uſually do, but he had no mind to ſet her ſo ill an Example. He knew that ſhe had very good Arms, wherewith to revenge her ſelf of his Perfidiouſneſs; and the leſs faithfull of all Husbands, takes no

delight

delight in being deceived by his Wife.

The Dutcheſs of *Oſtrog* was not blind. She was one of the firſt that perceived her Husbands ill wayes; and that div'd into the Queens deſigns: But ſhe did but laugh at it, with the Count *Tarnaw*. The Machines of that Princeſs, having not had a good Effect that way, they had no better a ſucceſs neither on the Dukes Part. It was in vain that ſhe attempted to make him Jealous of the *Count* with his wife: He had a great opinion of the Dutcheſs's Virtue. And he believ'd *Tarnaw* to be ſo much his Friend, and ſo honeſt a Man, that he would have thought he had done them a piece of Injuſtice, in barely ſuſpecting them of Perfidiouſneſs.

The Queens Spight and Jealouſy did ſtill increaſe, through all thoſe fruitleſs Endeavours. But the Hatred which ſhe had for the Count could

could not last so long; because that it was Affected only. She was during some dayes very much out of humour; and at last, to please her self, she must come to a new Onset, on that Heart that was insensible, but only to her. She thought it necessary to bring her Rival near unto her own Person again, and to shew her more Kindness than she had done.

The Dutchess, being Taken with that Charming Bait, of being well at Court again, perceiv'd not the Poyson which lay under it. There was nothing but continual Feastings, and parties of Divertisements, where *Tarnaw* was sure to be one.

This Cavalier did begin to perceive, that men were not always the same; and that it was very dangerous to be too often a Spectator of those Charms, for which one may have had some Disposition of being inflamed. He did find the

Queen

Queen more Beautiful than ever, and he was full of ſuch Cares and Diligence in ſerving and following her, as he had not had before. The Dutcheſs took notice of it; and ſhe would tell it the *Count*. She told him by the bye, that ſhe could perceive ſome change in her Conduct; but far from making uſe of any Means unworthy of her heart, whereby to oppoſe it, through an height of Ambition, ſhe did contribute unto ſome pretty Entertainments, which ſhe might at leaſt have interrupted by her Preſence.

As for the Duke, he was not ſo eaſy to be handled; he was the moſt impatient and the moſt Jealous of all Lovers. He was preſently ſtrangely Allarum'd at the *Counts* freſh Purſuites. He knew his Merit, and of all his Rivals he could not ſee any ſo much to be fear'd as that was. He imagined that his own Paſſion was ve-

very ſecret, and that there were no danger of ſpeaking of the Queen to the *Count*.

He one day at the Running of the Ring, took occaſion ſo to do. He was in courſe with his Friend, drawing near him, Take heed to your ſelf, ſaid he, lowly, for there are great Deſigns on your heart. I fear nothing, anſwer'd the *Count*, ſmilingly; and it has been long ſince of proof againſt the moſt dangerous Aſſaults. You know not, reply'd the Duke, what Enemies you have to do with; they are two delicate Eyes, continu'd he, which command here; and that have obſerv'd you ever ſince your coming in. It is very difficult to reſiſt them. While he was ſpeaking to him in this manner, his Eyes were fixed upon him, to endeavour to diſcover by the change of his Face, what paſs'd in his Heart. And perceiving ſome Alteration of his uſual Colour, You bluſh, added he; then

then you know what I aim at: You are Catch'd already; and peradventure, the Happieſt of all men. Say rather, replyed the *Count*, that I am the moſt Ungrateful of all men, after the Care that is taken, to ſhew me the good Will that ſome have towards me; but I know my Duty, and I will do it. Very weak Reaſons *Count*, replyed *Oſtrog*, thoſe that Duty produces againſt Love, and you are not Ungrateful, ſince you acknowledg your Ingratitude. Confeſs the truth to me, continu'd he without giving of him any time to anſwer: You would fain make uſe of your Diſcretion with me, but yet I know that you anſwer very well all thoſe favourable Intentions, which are had in your behalf. I anſwer them ſo ill, reply'd *Tarnaw* (who would put an end to this Converſation,) that never did man deſerve Death ſo much as I do.

In

In all that Diſcourſe, which made an end of confounding the Poor Duke, there was not only ſome Vanity on the *Count's* ſide, but there was Malice alſo. He was not ignorant of his friends Love towards the Queen; and he deſign'd to puniſh him for his not confiding in him, in concealing it from him.

The Sport ended, *Tarnay* had the Prize, which conſiſted in a Picture of the Queen, which ſhe was to give her ſelf. As he drew near her to receive it, ſhe told him ſoftly, That long ſince he might have had greater Advantages, if he could have told how to have made the beſt advantage of his good Fortune. The *Count* ſurpriz'd at thoſe words, whoſe ſence he underſtood very well, did anſwer in ſome kind of Diſorder, That there could be no Advantages that he could prefer unto the Honour of ſerving the greateſt Princeſs on earth. You ſhould,

replyed

reply'd the Queen, ſerve Perſons after their own manner, and then you might ſucceed. But, continued ſhe, (turning her head, to obſerve if any body did hearken,) this is not a buſineſs to diſcourſe of before ſo many Perſons. Come this Evening at *nine*, on the *Terraſſe* which anſwers to my Cloſet, and you ſhall know what I have to ſay to you on that account.

After this ſhe ſuddenly turn'd her ſelf towards the King, who was ſpeaking to ſome Ladies, and gave him her hand, to go a walking.

The *Counts* mind was ſo fill'd with theſe laſt words, that he thought it fit to retire home, to think there on a buſineſs as important in its Conſequences, as any that ever had yet happened to him. He did perceive how far that Rendezvouz would go, which was to have him ſpeak his whole Thoughts,

and

and the Danger which he did run of a total Rout. He was invited unto it after a manner that could not be reſiſted; his Honour as well as his Heart, did find a thouſand Charmes in it. The Triumph was Illuſtrious; and there was no Life, which he did not think well employed, in expoſing it on ſo Glorious, and ſo Charming a Subject as that was.

With theſe or ſuch like Thoughts did he entertain himſelf, till the hour of Aſſignation; which was no ſooner come, but that he inceſſantly rendered himſelf on the *Terraſs*. There he found the *Queen* expecting of him already, who receiving him with an Ayr full of Sweetneſs, You ſee, ſaid ſhe, *Count*, that this is but on your account. Here I meet you ſingly, only one Woman with me, that I confide in. The King is at play, and we ſhall have ſome Time to diſcourſe here of our buſineſs. In the Confuſion that the

the Count at first was, at the sight of that beauteous Princess, he wanted a Voice to answer with; which is an ordinary Effect of Love. The *Queen* took notice of it with Delight, & leaning against the Rails which overlook'd the Garden, she purposely gave him time to recollect himself. But at last perceiving that he did not yet begin to say any thing, the Impatiency she was in to continue her Design, made her to pass over some certain Laws of Manners, unto which Persons of that Rank and Character rarely confine themselves, when it is Love that guides them. Well *Tarnau*, what, must I be the first to speak? What think you of the Sentiments that are had for you? I know my self Madam, (he reply'd, with a respectuous Gravity) that little Merit that I find in me will not permit me ——— All is permitted you, said the *Queen* interrupting him, and you but too well

know

know your own Worth. You have done all that you could, to inſpire divers things to your advantage into Perſons, and perhaps that you have not ſucceeded ill; but when you had perform'd the moſt difficult part, you ſhould have gone on. You ſhould ſpeak, and not pleaſe your ſelf in ſuffering ſuch Pains, as peradventure others ſhare in with you. In a word *Count*, added ſhe, I know that you love me; I know it; your Eyes, your Actions, and even your affected Indifferences; all has told it me. Your Heart is mine, permit it to act without Conſtraint, and lay aſide all theſe Thoughts which ſeem but to render you the more miſerable. *Tarnaw*, unto whom thoſe very words alone could have inſpired Love, had he not been already in Love with that Charming Princeſs, replys, What pleaſure take you Madam, ſaid he ſighing, in rendering me the moſt

won!

Criminal

Criminal Perſon in the World? Is it a Crime to Love me, anſwered ſhe? Yes Madam, replyed that Lover, and the greateſt that ever I committed in all my Life, ſo to dare to lift up my thoughts unto my Soveraign; But though I ſhould expiate it with my Death, I find that I could not repent it; that it is my Fate would have it ſo, together with your Charms, againſt which there is no Reſiſtance.

The Queen could not contain the Joy which ſhe had upon this Declaration ſo full of Tranſports; Love me; ſaid ſhe to him, with a Charming Smile; if it be a Crime, Il'e bear the half of it, and I ſhall endeavour to render it ſo mild to you, that you ſhall have no cauſe of Complaint. In ending theſe words ſhe gave him her hand, which that Lover took trembling; But which he Kiſs'd with ſuch a Paſſionate Ayr, as any Lover could do.

Some

Some moments of Silence, which pass'd afterwards between them, were no less tender and passionate than their Discourses but the Queen more accustomed than the *Count*, unto those Extasies of Love, beginning to smile In a kind of Malicious Return, But what will become of the Dutchess of *Ostrog*, said she, when she will know the Wrong I do her, in robbing of her of such a Heart as yours? She will never pardon it me in all her life time. The Dutchess of *Ostrog* Madam, replyed the *Count*, does not take so much the interest of my Heart; but though she should, it would be a Sacrifice which I should offer you without any great Repugnancy. It may be, Madam, added he smilingly in his turn, that you would have more in Sacrificing to me the Duke her Husband. If that the Duke, replyed she, is capable of giving you any Disturbance, you will soon be delivered

of it. I consent said She further, that you regulate your self towards the Dutchess after the manner that I shall treat her Husband. I will never see her more, reply'd the *Count*; and I, said the Queen, will rid my self of the Duke to morrow.

These Protestations which setled the hearts of these two Lovers, in respect of those Rivals, which each of them had to fear, did conclude by such tendernesses, which the Queen let loose, as quite made an end of the formerly insensible *Tarnaw*.

Those favours which come from Persons of that Rank have this advantage, that all charme even to the least Trifles; a Look, a Smile, and Hand given in season, a Gesture, the least Tenderness, Transports and Dazles. *Tarnaw* scarce knew what was become of himself, and did answer but by halves, and confusedly unto some Amo-

rous Questions which the Queen made him; whether he would love her all his life time; and whether he was very well pleas'd with her; till that at last that Charming Princess, who perceived him so transported with Joy and Love, as that he seemed Inchanted, and to have but one moment of Life left, Let us go *Tarnaw*, said She, let us go hence, for we might be here a little too long it may be. I think that for the first time, that you have seen me in private, you have very far advanced your affaires. The *Count*, who had been half the time kneeling before her, did rise, and sighing gave her his Hand to lead her; but perceiving that She design'd to return to the King, he intreated Her to permit him to retire home, because that he thought himself not strong enough to conceal the Excess of his Joy, before such Persons as draw Consequences of all things, as Courtiers use to

do.

do. The Queen approv'd of this Cautiousness, and told him, That to have so Prudent a Lover as he was, was the way to make Love last a long time.

The night which follow'd that Entreview, was for the *Count* incapable of yielding any Rest. Not that the Remorse which he ought to have, of the Crime which he committed against his King, or that the Fear of the dangers that he exposed himself unto did disturb him; Love had already got too high an hand over him, to afford the least return imaginable unto Reason. It was the raptures of Joy, which a thousand Charming Ideas of those tender things which the Queen had had for him, & which did still promise him greater favours. He slept not, yet the night did not seem the longer for that, on the contrary, he did make it last into the middle of the following day; so that it was already Dinner

time, when that a Servant came to give him notice of it, and at the same time to tell him, that the Queens Page waited to speak with him. The Page was immediately brought into his Chamber, who presented unto the *Count* a Packet from the Queen, in which there was a Scarf, and this Note.

'I will not forgive it you, *Count*, 'if you have slept one single mo-'ment this night; for Love would 'have treated you better than me; 'and you would not love me half 'so well as you ought to do, or 'that I would have you to do. I 'send you a *Scarf* against the Just-'ing, which is to be perform'd next '*Thursday*. You shall take for your '*Motto* these words.

'*Tanto piu alto, e Tanto piu ar-'dore.*

'We go a Hunting, come you 'also; for I should but ill divert 'my self, if I should not see you there.

While

While that the *Count* was thus busied, the Duke of *Ostrog*, who through the great Friendship that was between them was dispenced from Ceremonies, being come in, he perceived the Page, the Scarf, and Note, which the *Count* was reading with so great an Attention, that he was in the midst of the Roome before he had perceiv'd it: The confusion he was in, when he first perceiv'd him was great. The Duke asked him, whence came so fine a Present. It is without cause you make me this question, reply'd the *Count*; (who would not mince the matter out of season) you have seen the Queens Page, and you doubt not but that it is from her Liberality that this favour comes. I was afraid of deceiving my [illegible], reply'd the Duke, and did not think that an ungrateful Person [illegible] deserv'd death from Her, [illegible] worthy of so much [illegible] those unto whom

whom She has made such Presents, reply'd *Tarnaw*, were guilty, you had been so long since. One must be born, reply'd the Duke, under as lucky a Planet as yours, to dare to adventure in a Careere, so full of precipices as that is. It is the Danger, reply'd the *Count*, which affords the Pleasure as well as the Glory of the undertakeing. Farewell, said the Duke going, I wish that you may come out of it with the good Fortune which you deserve. I shall take counsel upon that, replyed the *Count*, when the Enterprise is resolv'd upon; but it shall be from the most happy that I shall take it.

The Duke being gone out in this manner, *Tarnaw* thought of the Answer he was to send to the Queen, which you may see here.

What hopes of sleep, Madam, when you leave me in the Armes of a God, that does so little converse with it; yet how restless and

and troubleſome as he is to others, I can ſay, that he has treated me ſo well, that I ſhould wrongfully complain of him. He has done nothing, but continually ſpake of you to me; He has repreſented you to my mind, with all thoſe Charms which render you adorable. There is no Joy equal to mine. Aid him, Madam, if it be poſſible, to redouble it; though he ſhould take away my Life, with my ſleep, I ſhould not complain. I have kiſs'd a thouſand times that curious Scarf. How great and glorious is my deſtiny; and with the eſteem of ſo Great and ſo Charming a Princeſs, how few mortals are ſo bleſs'd as is *Tarmaw!*

He gave that Anſwer to the Page, and call'd to be dreſs'd. The Converſation which he had had with the Duke, came again into his mind; he was his Friend, and he pitied him; but that which troubled him moſt, was on the account of the

Dutcheſs. He could not think on her without Confuſion. She had always been the Secretary of his thoughts: They had rallyed the Queen a thouſand times together; he had boaſted of a Contempt for all that Princeſſes Bounties. Mean time he is gone; how many Reproaches was his Weakneſs going to procure unto him? He reſolv'd not to ſee her more; in this he ſatisfied the Queens deſire, and at the ſame time did free himſelf from that thing, which caus'd him the moſt Trouble.

This being once concluded after this manner, he would no longer think on the Duke or Dutcheſs, to reliſh the full Joy of ſuch a fortune as his. He prepared himſelf to go to that hunting, and was there preſently after the Court.

The Queen had taken the Dutcheſs of *Oſtrog* with her, and that night they were to lye in a houſe of Pleaſure, belonging to the Biſhop of

of *Cracovia*, who was one of the blessed number of the Queens Selected.

The Duke had not follow'd the Court; in the Troubles, or rather Despairs he was in. He sought after nothing but Solitaryness: Yet after divers vexations of mind, on a thousand different Resolutions, on which his heart floted, being got on Horse-back, he came there towards night: But whereas every one was very busy in those Divertisements, which the Bishop had caus'd to be prepared, and that moreover this Prelate, the most troublesome, and most assiduous of all the Election, under pretence of making the honours of the house, did not abandon one moment the Queen: The Duke, the unfortunate Duke, could not all that night find one occasion to speak unto her in private. And the Court withdrew betimes also, because that the King had a mind

to

to hunt again the next day; when the *Queen* being fatigated with that daies sport, dispenc'd her self from going.

Besides the Fatigue, She had her private Reasons also. And the King was no sooner up, and got out of his Chamber, but sending to seek after the Dutchess of *Ostrog*, she caus'd her to come to Bed to her, as she us'd to do with her best Friends, to talk or laugh the rest of the Morning. Do you not know, said she to her, what the Duke of *Ostrog* would have with me, who desired last Night that he might have a quarter of an hours Audience, on a business in which he sayes his Life is concern'd? If it be not a Love concern, Madam, replyed the Dutchess, smiling, I know not what it can be. A concern of Love, replyed the dissembling *Queen*? If it concerns me, I assure you that you shall have the Pleasure of it. I have long known,

known, *Madam*, replyed the *Dutchess*, that he has the Honour of fighting for you; but I forgive it him, for it is almost the infallible destiny of all those, that have the honour of approaching you. You are a Commodious Wife, replyed the Queen; but I know not if you should have as much Indulgency for an other than an Husband. Either Husband or Gallant, reply'd the *Dutchess*, when ever they leave me for so beauteous a Princess, I shall have nothing to say.

The Queen did not think the Dutchess very sincere on that point, but she had wherewith to put her suddenly to a Tryal: And returning to speak of the Duke, She told her, that she had ordered the Duke should be told, that he might see her that morning, and that if she would lye close behind her, and promise not to discover her self, She would give her the satisfaction of the whole Entertainment. The Dutchess, who would have

bough

bought such an Opportunity on much more difficult terms, than those which the Queen propos'd, did easily agree unto it, and promis'd her to observe all her Orders, with all her heart.

So that the houre being come, the Duke was admitted. He appear'd with a pale, and macerated countenance, approaching the Bed, whose Curtains were but half drawn; and kneeling on one knee before the Queen, You see before you, Madam, said he in a low and doleful voice, the most passionate of all mortals, but the most miserable, and the most desperate also; you shall see him for the last time, if you take no pity of him. Whence comes this despair, Duke, reply'd the Queen, of what do you complain? I know, continu'd that unfortunate Lover sighing, that it is not for a Subiect to complain of his Queen. But if that the liberty which you have given

to

to my ſighs, may in ſome meaſure Authoriſe my complaints, certainly it is in this occaſion, when betraying the hopes that your Eyes, and your too Charming Diſcourſes for me, had caus'd my heart to receive, you give marks of your Tenderneſs unto a man, who cannot have deſerv'd them through a real Zeal. And who is that happy man? reply'd the *Queen*. It is not neceſſary, Madam, reply'd he, to name him to you; it will ſuffice that I tell you, to ſhew you his Indiſcretion, that after he had confided to me thoſe Obliging Sentiments which you have for him, he has ſhew'd me the Scarf and Note, which you ſent yeſterday, as Proofes & Arguments of that Bounty you had for him, from which, he ſayes, he has long endeavour'd to defend himſelf. The *Queen* laughing at this, asked him if that was the thing which ſo much troubled him;

and

& if a young giddy head as *Tarnan* could be capable of making him jealous; *Tarnan*, who had not been capable to give him any suspicion as to his own Wife, though doubtless with more cause. Ah! Madam, reply'd the Duke, how differently are things felt in reference to a Wife, and to a Princess that is adored; I could forgive, continu'd he, unto my Friend, all the Treacheries which he could have us'd against me towards the Dutchess, sooner than the least suspicion that he could kindle in me, in respect of you.

The Dutchess was hearkening with a world of patience all her faithful Husbands Sentiments; but young and beauteous as she was, Heavens knows what she had in store for him. The Queen would now and then push her with her foot, to make her observe the chief passages; and the Dutchess did

did preſs her behind to bid her to continue.

If *Tarnam* has any advantage over you, continu'd the Queen, it is not his Merits that acquires it him; I know very well yours; but I love your Wife. Be reaſonable, and be contented with my Friendſhip; I give it you wholly; and here is my hand for Surety. In ſaying this ſhe took the Dutcheſs hand, which ſhe put half out of the bed, on which the blind Duke did faſten his Amorous mouth; Ah! Madam, ſaid he with a tranſponted Ayre, how eaſy it would be to paſs from friendſhip to Love towards you, but from love to bare Friendſhip is ſuch a return, which depends not even of Heaven. What can be done for you then, Duke? continu'd the Queen, who had much to do to contain her ſelf from laughing, ſhall you be ſatisfied, if that for proof of that tender Eſteem, that one has

for

for you, I grant you the whole Person whose hand you hold? That is too much, Charming Princess, it is too much, repeated the passionate Duke, pressing that delicate hand with his Lips. Less markes of your Complaisancy are able to make me die with Love.

When the Queen saw, that the deceived Duke let himself go thus unto the deceitful Kindnesses which she promised him, that he already began to proceed a little further, She thought that it was time to open the Curtains: Which this Lover taking for a good sign, he set himself on pushing very farr his Boldness, when he saw his Wife appear, whose hand he held yet: Never did clap of Thunder produce so terrible an effect; he did not know whether his eyes were his own, and whether it was the Dutchess really that he saw; but he was soon perswaded that he was play'd upon, by the great

Laugh-

Laughter which the *Queen* could no longer contain herſelf from; at which he was cruelly nettled. The Dutcheſs triumph'd, and taking advantage of the diſturbance he was in tells him: Your Faithfulneſs, my Lord, is of a great example; it may be followed hereafter, and perhaps with better ſucceſs than your; then it will be ſeen whether you will be Jealous or no. The Duke reply'd not a word to that; his mind and heart were in ſuch a diſorder, through the Change that had ſo lately been put upon him, that nothing leſs then venting his Rage in Reproaches, and it might be with Injuryes alſo, could make him open his mouth, to anſwer ſuch ſevere Railleryes as were put upon him. He went out without ſpeaking, and without ſo much as looking on the *Queen*, who at laſt had ſome pitty of him.

She told the Dutcheſs, that ſeeing ſhe had been the Cauſe of that

diſ-

difference, she would also be the maker of it up again, that it might not spread any further. The Dutchess, who thought her self sufficiently reveng'd of an husband, who had not been over successful in his Falsehood, did put all her interest into the hand of the Queen.

The Duke of *Ostrog*, was not the only Person, that had a Rendezvous that morning. The *Count* of *Tarnaw* had his hour also; but there were other Sweets prepared for him. He was ready to go to the Assignation, when he saw the Duke enter his Chamber, who sat down, and was some moments without speaking: The *Count*, unto whom that Silence, no more than the Dukes ill looks, did not presage any thing pleasant, did not press much to open the discourse; when at last the Duke, you say nothing to me, said he, with a weak and doleful voice. You were to begin, replyed *Tarnaw*; for you

you come not here without design; and if I mistake not, you have something in your mind, which troubles you. I am not so happy as you *Tarnaw*; replyed the Duke. But should I tell you my Secret, would you promise me to conceal nothing of Yours? I am not curious of other Persons concerns, replyed the *Count*; and that shall not oblige me to tell you mine. That Indifferency, replyed the Duke, makes me think, that you sufficiently know already what I have to say; so that I cannot exact any thing from you. You are not ignorant doubtless, that I love the Queen; but you may not know, how far my Passion has gone. I have betrayed you, I have told her all that you had told me on her account; and confess that if Love did not render all excusable, I should not be worthy to Live. But you are better reveng'd, than if I had lost my life. I am going

going to live, but to be the more miserable; I yield to the most fortunate. You are belov'd, and though I do you no great service, in giving you up a place to which I have no pretence, I think it is fair for a Lover to abandon it to you. I have nothing more to say to you, continu'd he. Pitty in lieu of blaming me; Adieu. The *Count* would have stay'd him, to have some further clearing of the business; but the other would not hearken to him. Farewell, said he, farewell the *third* time. I am going to seek Solitude, where you may one day come and keep me company. Ending these words he went out of the Chamber; his soul so afflicted, that *Tarnaw* was moved at it, notwithstanding all the occasions of Complaints which he had against him.

He did not doubt, but that the ill Offices that this Rival had rendered him near the Queen, had made

made a very disadvantageous Effect against him in her mind. Yet that could not retain him from going to her; on the Contrary, he had the greater desire of seeing her, to justify himself. He came there just at the same time that the Dutchess was gone forth. The Queen presently looked upon him with a disdainful Eye; and asked what he came to do near her; if it was to have some other discourses to make, that might flatter his Vanity. *Tarnaw*, who had prepared himself for a worse Reception, rather animated than abashed, at the *Queens* small Anger, did fall upon his Knees before her, and told her, That he knew already the causes of Complaint, which she might have against him; That the Duke had lately told him part of what his Jealousy had made him say. But that she ought not to believe a Rival, nay a desperate Rival. And

then

then continuing to justify himself with a tender and passionate Aire, he put the Queens mind into a quiet Temper again, who wished more than he, to believe him Innocent.

There was no more words made of this business, but jesting at it. The Duke and Dutchess were brought upon the List, and the Adventure of the first made their divertisement. Love had his turn also; I confess that there was no great time left for that, because it began to be Late, and that the Bishop of *Cracovia*, had already demanded two or three times, to be admitted to pay his Devoirs to the Queen: Nevertheless those Moments that were left, were very well imploy'd; and because that in Love there are certain Links of favours, by which one easily and necessarily go from one to another, peradventure that that day the bold *Count* had gone very

ry far; But the troubled *Prelate* of *Cracovia*, of all the Selected, of all the Lovers the moſt Vigilant, and the moſt Jealous, was at the door, who was the fourth time asking for admittance, to ſalute the Queen; and admittance could no longer be refuſed him without great Conſequences, becauſe that *Tarnaw* was with her. That was a Mortal blow for the *Cavalier* to bear: But the *Queen* who was already ſenſible of her own Weakneſs, carrying it above the Reaſons that the Throne, and her Duty could afford, was not it may be ſorry for it. The Biſhop came in with an Ayre as perplexed, as were our Lovers. There was a general Silence, which made them all think on divers ſtrange things. Our two Selected ſtood gazing at one another; and the *Queen* was making an end of dreſſing.

Heavens keep all honeſt Lovers from a Rival of the Maſs-Book.

Thoſe

Thoſe are terrible Lords. This here had not been ſo earneſt, without Reaſon, in coming to diſturb ſo agreable a Converſation. He knew what ſport was there. His Cloſet anſwered to that, in which was the Queen, and through the means of two concealed holes, one might ſee repreſented in a great Glaſs all that was acted there, and all that was ſaid was diſtinctly heard.

This *Prelate* was one of the beſt ſhap'd men of the Kingdom, and that had the moſt Wit: And ſeting aſide Gallantizing, for he was not reprehenſible on that point, he was aſſuredly a man of great Worth. He knew how to appear outwardly, and he had an Art of agreeing Piety with human frailties; ſo that paſſing for a great Gallant, he was however eſteemed a very honeſt man; ſo true it is, that on all things there is but the Way of doing them.

He

He could speak most perfect *Italian*, and he was one of the first that ventur'd to Gallantise the Queen. The Rarity of the thing pleas'd the Queen; and without considering any scruples, as being of the Patrimony of the Church, She pleasingly gave an Ear unto his Sacrifices and Prayers. She was come out of a Country, where abundance of those Examples were frequently seen; and it is but in few other places that Fault is found with it. The *Lord Prelate*, through the easiness which he found to have his Sighs well liked and approved of, did admire himself, and did attribute the Effects of it unto his good Qualities, and not to the Queens Gallantizing Humour. He was so proud of it, that he would have dared Love it self to have been his Rival. So that thereby may be guessed, what wonder was his, when that he heard the sweet Conversation,

which his inconstant Queen had with the *Count*; and when he saw the Bounties with which She honoured him; How often was he tempted, Oh Heavens! to go Stab that too fortunate *Count*, at the feet of that Princess? Finally some certain returns unto his Sacred Person, reducing him to Reason again, the Armes dropp'd from his Hands, and he was contented with going to interrupt that too cruel Mistery. All that he said to the *Queen*, after the long Silence, into which his almost lost Senses had at first plunged him, came forth as from a Man that was brain-sick. The *Count* retired, and the *Queen*, who was weary of the idle Storyes of this Priest, found out a way of ridding her self of him.

The King, who had a design to go lye at *Cracovia* that Night, returned in good time from Hunting, and so soon as Dinner was over, the Court went towards that City, where

where it arrived late, so that our Lovers had no opportunities of seeing one another that Night; as doubtless they had designed: They were forc'd to content themselves with some publick Devoirs, amongst which some Looks and Sighs were intermixed, which promised some other kind of Favours the day following.

The *Count* retired himself with a very contented Heart of that dayes Success; for he imagin'd, that he was got to such an height of good Fortune, that there was but one step more to advance, to be entirely Happy. The *Dukes* thoughts were quite of another nature. In that Despair he was, he had taken leave of the Court for some Dayes; and was retired into the Country, where he entertained the Rocks and Woods, with his Misfortunes.

The Lord Bishop had Cares that were no less burning than his;

yet he had not gone that way to work. Solitude did appear to him a means to increase his Sorrows, rather than to diminish them. Lovers of that temper, have good strong Stomacks; they digest all things, and are never disgusted. He arose early in the Morning, and without trouble, because that he had pass'd that Night without Sleep, and went directly to *Count Tarnaws* House, to have some Conference with him. He was his near Kinsman; and through the Dignity of his Office, he thought he had right to give him some Brotherly Remonstrances. Distributive Justice would have required, that he should begin by himself; but that which is a Crime in another, is a Trifle in those Directors of Consciences. He came into his Chamber, and with a free and chearful Countenance, which was very usual with him; My dear Cozen, said he, doubtless that

I awaken you a little too early; you that are an happy Lover, that Sleeps not always when you would; but there are certain Buſineſſes in hand, in which I ſhould not ſhew my ſelf a good Relation, ſhould I neglect them; and I do believe that you will be ſomething oblig'd to me for interrupting your Repoſe. The *Count* having anſwered the *Prelates* kindneſs, with civil Complements; the Illuſtrious *Cuzen* purſued in this manner, Would you not be very much ſurpriz'd, ſaid he, if I ſhould bring you now an Order from the King, for to have you retire to *Smolenſco*; and there to wait his further Pleaſure? I ſhould of truth, replyed the *Count*, for I do not believe I have deſerv'd ſuch an Exile. Merited that *Exile*? replyed the Biſhop, No, it is no thing, to dare to lift your Thoughts to the Queen, and to permit your ſelf to be dazled with the Favours of a Princeſs, that leads you di-

rectly to a Precipice. Me? replyed the *Count*, blushing. Your self, replyed the *Cozen*, who though you should not Blush at it, would notwithstanding be Condemned to Suffer the greatest of Torments, if there was not Pitty taken of you, and if your Accusers were not of your Friends.

The *Count*, who thought that his Relation spoke after this manner, but through his Zeal towards him, and the Distrusts which he might have upon the account, that in lieu of following the King to Hunt, he had found him that Morning with the Queen, did boldly maintain, that it would be with great injustice that he should be accused of such a Crime, and that he thought he had not need so much as to make his Defence in it. But the *Prelate*, who was naturally very Eloquent, redoubling the strength of his Remonstrances, with all the particularities of that Con-

Converſation, which he ſpecified, did put him beyond Anſwering. And of Truth he had Reaſon to be Alarum'd at the Recital of all that had paſſed betwixt the Queen and he in a Cloſet, where they had no other witneſſes but Love; It was not likely that that Princeſs ſhould have confided that Secret to ſuch a Man as was the Biſhop of *Cracovia*; and in mean time, unleſs ſome familiar Spirit, had deſigned to reveal their Amours, he could not imagine that it could be known from any other than the Queen.

All theſe Thoughts did come and go in his Mind, during the Biſhops Diſcourſe; who taking advantage of the Diſorder he was in, did begin to draw him a moſt terrible Picture of his Crime, and of his Ingratitude towards a Prince, which did daily over-whelm him with Kindneſs; ſo that awakening in him thoſe juſt Reproaches, that an honeſt virtuous Man ought to

uſe againſt himſelf, in ſuch a Caſe, it wanted but little that his Love was not quite extinct. He produc'd ſome weak Reaſons to excuſe himſelf. But they were overcome by ſo many others, that he had nothing left but Confuſion, in which the Biſhop was pleas'd to leave him, telling him, That in this buſineſs, there was no leſs Concern, than his Fortune, his Honour, and peradventure, his Life alſo; all which he ventur'd for nothing, or at leaſt for a Princeſs, who was a Woman like others; and that would leave him one day for ſome body elſe, though leſs deſerving.

All that admirable Diſcourſe, with that Tendency which the *Count* had for his Duty towards his King, that honoured him with his good Will, having made upon him ſuch Impreſſions as it ought to do, he was very much ſhaken, and paſſed away ſome Cruel Moments;

ments; he did perceive that that Paſſion, as happy as it could be, could not of Truth, but cauſe him an eternal Repentance. The Biſhop was already inform'd of it, and others might be ſo too; and the King would not fail at laſt of knowing it, if he knew it not already. In ſo fair a way of Reflections, which caus'd him great perplexity, this Note was brought him from the Dutcheſs of *Oſtroz*.

So long as your Friendſhip could preſerve that Honour which it merited, I wiſh'd the Duration of it: But ſince that it only ſerves as a Divertiſement to ſome, be willing to let it end: It was too fair not to produce Jealouſy; and thoſe that were ſo, have at laſt Triumph'd: Expect neither Reproaches nor Complaints from me; with the ſame Liberty that Perſons come, with the ſame Freedom I let them retire. I neither call, nor retain any one: But when

once

once a Person separates without Cause, the business is done, there is no return. Adieu *Count*, let us no more see one another, I Conjure you of it; I might pitty you, after what you know, and might bring you into a Confusion; Adieu, for the last time.

The *Dutchess* had but laught at the Adventure of her Husband; she was obliged to the Queen, for having so well Reveng'd her, and in having shew'd her what little Concern she had for the *Dukes* Passion: But as to the *Count*, whom she had always considered as a tender Friend, whom she could not think of losing, nothing had touch'd her so sensibly, as to learn that she had lost him; not but that certain Wayes, which of late she had observ'd in him towards her, with the Reservedness he shew'd in what concern'd the Queen, whereas formerly he did Inform her of all things, ought to have prepared her

her unto all that; but be it that we do not eafily believe any thing, which is diſadvantageous to us, and that it is eaſy to flatter our ſelves, ſhe did not believe him ſo unworthy as to turn perfidious. What a Vexation is it for a Beauteous Woman, to learn of the Unworthineſs of a Man, that leaves her, to give himſelf to another, for whom he has expreſſed a thouſand Slites? She began to open her Eyes, and to ſee that the loſs of the *Count*, was the Price of that Friendſhip that the *Queen* had ſhewed her, and that ſhe had not been the moſt ſubtle of the two. Theſe Reflexions which produc'd divers others, did repreſent unto her the Wrong which was done her, to be a thing ſo cruel, that there was nothing ſhe would not do to Revenge her ſelf. But as ſhe was a Woman of Wit, ſhe would not fly out, judging well that all the Noiſe would reflect upon her ſelf. All her

Cares

Cares were first employ'd in bringing the *Count* back again. She knew his Humour well; and did understand well which way to go about it.

She began by that Letter, which produc'd that Effect which she had promised her self; for the *Count*, who from the day before had taken the Resolution of not seeing her any more, did find himself touch't with a secret Displeasure; so soon as he saw, that she was the first to advise him to it, and that indifferency, which she shew'd in her Letter, did more sensibly touch him, than all the Reproaches that she could have used. He did Sigh! He afflicted himself, and from that time he thought, that he should be the most Unfortunate of all Men, if he should lose the Friendship of a Lady, without whom he could not Live. It is not unlikely, but that the condition in which the Remonstran-

monſtrances of the Biſhop had ſettled his Mind, did much Contribute in making him receive all thoſe Impreſſions. But here is what he Anſwered to the *Dutcheſs*.

You would abandon me, Madam, when I have the moſt need of you. I am undone if I ſee you no more; I confeſs that my Weakneſs would deſerve that Puniſhment: But I am a Man, and you ought not to be ſurpriz'd at my committing of Faults: Though mine ſhould be inexcuſable, you are oblig'd to forgive it me; for if you had pleas'd I had been leſs Guilty; help me then, to get out of it, ſince that I freely confeſs it to you. Spare if you pleaſe neither Reproaches nor Chidings. All Remedies will be ſweet to me, ſo they ſerve to bring me back to my Duty again: All my Joy, and all my Glory ought to be limited, in being wholly yours.

This

This Note seem'd to have somewhat settled his Mind; and as if he had already gain'd much over himself, thus to have writ to the *Dutchess*, He thought himself almost free from that dangerous Love which he had for the Queen. But Lovers know themselves very little, and all those Resolutions are but false Revolts, which serve but to re-ingage them the more.

This was Evident in the Person of the Count of *Tarnaw*, who notwithstanding all that the Bishop had told him, and all that he had writ to the *Dutchess*, with all his Reflections and great Designs of returning unto his Duty, could not forbear going to the Justing, which was to be perform'd that Day, and there to wear the Queen's fine Scarf.

The *Dutchess* had a great mind not to be there, but the *Queen* found out a means to ingage her to it, in sending to her the Prize of

the

the Tilting, which was a Heart of Diamonds, to give to him that should get the Advantage. If she could have guessed that the *Count* should again win the Prize; doubtless but that she had dispenc'd her self from serving the Queen in that respect; but there being other *Cavaliers* as Brave and as Dextrous as he, and that besides, she would be very glad to see, whether he would wear that Scarf, after that which he had Writ to her, she yeilded unto her Riva's desires.

Never had the *Count* appeared with such Gallantry, as he did that Day; and his Dexterity as well as good Meen, was admired by all; The King was Charm'd with it, as well as the Queen, who, without the least regard or management, call'd out to every one to have them observe, all that this dear Lover did perform. The *Dutchess* was the only Person that seem'd

seem'd not concern'd at all, and she did appear with so much dullness, as oblig'd two or three times the Queen, to ask her what she Ailed; but her Trouble was very great, seeing that she could not constrain her self.

The *Count* at last was the Conqueror, and approaching to the *Dutchess*, not without Blushing, to receive the Prize: If you wanted nothing more, said she, with a cold Air, but this Heart to be Contented, you are now very happy; and not staying for his Answer, she turn'd to Count *Topor*, a young handsome Lord, who of late did Visit her with some Assiduity, and who gave her his Hand to lead her home. *Tarnaw* would have stayed her, but the Queen, whose Eyes were never off of him, call'd him, & finding him dull, she ask'd him, what the *Dutchess* had said, and whether there was an absolute Rupture, or a Reconciliation

betwixt

betwixt them? No Madam, hereply'd, it is neither the one nor the other, but her Coldneſs ſurprizes me. Does her Coldneſs ſurprize you, *Tarnan*? reply'd that Princeſs, Is it not that you repent already your Abandoning of her? The *Count* would have juſtified himſelf from ſuch a Cenſure, but ſhe gave him not time to Anſwer; and making ſign to him to be ſilent; Go, ſaid ſhe, follow your own Inclinations, I will have no Heart that in the leaſt wavers, in giving it ſelf wholly to me: Think on it, and give me your Anſwer this very Night. This Lover, who did ſee, that the place was not fit for the clearing of ſuch a buſineſs, did not inſiſt any longer for to be heard, and retired to put off his Armour.

Never was Man more agitated than he; his miſhap proceeded from being too happy. His Heart was too much burdened with two

the

the most Charming and most perfect Objects on Earth; one of which was capable of satisfying the Ambition, and of pleasing the Desires of the most Ambitious and most Passionate of all Men. But he was to chuse, and he knew not which to leave. In following, purely, Love, he tended towards the Queen; she had such soft and tender Wayes, such a Complaisant winning Ayr, and even sometime such pritty passionate Expressions as Enchanted him. But then to absolutely abandon the *Dutchess*, with whom he had Contracted a kind of Habitude, Tenderness, Society, and Confidence, that was renouncing a world of Pleasures; that was tearing himself, from what there was for him of most sweet and agreeable in this Life. The *Queen* had Chang'd for Love of him, she might well change again for Love of another. There were divers Examples of her Inconstan-

constancy; and he would not flatter himself with being capable of of setting Limits to it. The defects of Temper are rarely amended. Unto all these Reasons, those which concern'd his Duty were added, which the Lord Bishop of *Cracovie* had made him too well to understand, to forget them so soon. In fine, he resolv'd to keep the surest side; which was that of the *Dutchess*, and as he had need of her Assistance, to bear that Victory over his own Heart, he was no sooner unarmed, but that he went to her.

Long since he had the Privilege to go in there, with the same Liberty that the Duke himself did use; and after he had inquir'd, if the Lady was there, he went directly to her Chamber, where he found a Gentlewoman at the Door, who told him that there was no going in. That refusal surpriz'd him; he for whom the Doors were

there

there alwayes open; he inquired the Reason, and he was Answered, that my Lady was busy, and that there was some Body with her: He would know who that some Body was: The Gentlewoman, who was Tutor'd thereto, would not tell, or at least would be press'd to it, to render the Mystery more important. He press'd, he intreated, and at last he learn'd, that it was the Count *Topor*. The Count *Topor?* replyed he, to himself, alone in a Chamber with the *Dutchess*, where I must not enter? On this he busied himself some time, without any desire that Notice should be given of his being there; he had a desire to see whether that secret Entertainment would last long. He sat down near the Gentlewoman, entertaining her with divers indifferent things, while his mind was an other way. But as he grew weary every moment of waiting

so

ſo long, he roſe and ſat down a-gain at leaſt a dozen times. At laſt Impatiency did ſo ſeize him, that he deſired the Gentlewoman to go ask her Miſtreſs, whether he might not Entertain her a moment. She made ſome kind of difficulty, on the Orders which ſhe had received from the *Dutcheſs*, but at laſt ſhe ſeemed to be perſwaded through his Importunities, and return'd to tell him for anſwer, That the *Dutcheſs* did deſire him to excuſe her, and that ſhe could not ſee him, till the Count *Topor* was gone. This ſecond Refuſal more Cruel yet than the former, quite breaking the Heart of Count *Tarnaw*; He aroſe in good earneſt, and yielding unto the ſpight which the Jealouſy and the Shame of ſuch an Affront did inſpire him with; He told the Gentlewoman ſhe might tell her Lady, That he would not expoſe himſelf a ſecond time to be ſo ill re-

ceiv'd

ceiv'd; with that he went away, and left one of his Lacquais at the Door to keep Centry, and to give him an account when Count *Topor* should go forth.

The Truth of the Story was, That there was no body with the *Dutchess*; and that this *Dutchess* having perceiv'd the *Count* coming by a Window, had shut her self up in her Chamber, and had order'd her Woman to make all that Sport, who was very Dextrous at such things, and her great Confident. She had thus gratified her little Ambition, and had taken extream Delight in hearing her Woman relate all the earnest Desires, the Uneasiness, Frettings, and Distrusts which she had caus'd the *Count* to Suffer. But however, she had been very glad to have spoken to him; and fear'd lest she might have driven her Resentment too far; which gave her some Disturbance all that Night.

The

The *Count* was returning home, prepossessed with a thousand Vexations that troubled him; when one of his Servants, who was going to the *Dutchess* for him, told him, That the *Queen* had sent three or four times, to know if he were at home. This Advice having put new thoughts into his Head, did make him take the Resolution of going, that he might Consolate himself, near the *Queen*, of the *Dutchesses* Scornes. So he directed his Steps towards the Castle: He came to that Princess's Appartment; where he was told, that the Bishop of *Cracovia* was with her; an ill Conjuncture for him; he thinks it fit to wait his going out, that he might avoid another Lecture; and passing on the other side of the Appartment, he enter'd into a Gallery, where but few Persons resorted, because that it answered unto the *Queen*'s Closet. He thought at his coming there,

there, that he heard the Voice of the Bishop. It was very dark, there was no light in the Gallery, and he thought that he might boldly approach to the Door whence the Noise came. He heard that there was some Discourse of him; his Curiosity redoubled; he lends an Ear unto the Key-hole, and he distinguishes the Queen's Voice: *Tarnay*, said she, is a Villain, if he has said this; but for your own quiet I advise you not to believe any thing of it. I shall not believe any thing of it, Madam, reply'd the Bishop, if that for to Punish him, you see him no more. I see him? reply'd the *Queen*: If I do so, it shall be to Treat him as the meanest of Men. Be more favourable to him Madam, reply'd the *Prelate*, and see him not at all: If you please, added he, I shall let him know your Mind. The *Queen* answered not presently, but after some few Moments

ments of Reflections, she said, that she consented to it. Upon which the Bishop, who thought that he had obtained all that he could wish for, took leave of the *Queen*, and went out through the door of that Gallery, with such precipitation, that he had like to have surprised the over-curious *Count*.

There never was any Surprisal equal to that of this Lover, to hear the good services which his dear Kinsman rendered him. He could not guess what Cause he had, to use him so treacherously. There was not the least Noise imaginable at Court, that he had any Amorous designs towards the *Queen*; and but little likelyhood that so Prudent a Person as He, and of his Character, should be guilty of that Folly, which he condemn'd in others so much. All other thoughts but that would have come in *Tarnaw's* mind. He had

but just time enough to retire himself; and 'twas well for him that the honest Prelate came out without a Light. He let him pass by with a design to follow him soon; but Fortune who was preparing more new Adventures for him that Night, would have it that the Bishop going out of the Gallery, drew the other Door after him; so that the *Count* found himself locked up on all sides, not knowing which way to stir forth.

This last Trouble was almost the hight of his Despair; He would not, for half his life, have been found alone in that place, especially at that hour: That might have drawn divers ill Consequences, or at least divers Ralleries, which had made sport at Court, if it had been known, that he had been obliged to pass all the Night long there; and his Vexation as well as his Despair, did increase as oft as he reflected on the Impossibility

bility there was of geting off, without some Celeſtial Aſſiſtance. On the *Queens* ſide, though he had a paſſage, it was the hour that the King uſed to be with her, and there would be too much danger to meet him there, after what was already diſcourſed abroad. The other door was of proof againſt all his ſtrength, and in making any noiſe, he run the danger of being heard from the Kings ſide; The Windowes were too high; to get off that way, would endanger his life. In fine there was nothing to be done, but to wait with patience the coming of the Day. A cruel Choice indeed, for a man, that had already ſo many other Troubles to wipe off, without the need, of paſſing a whole night in ſuch a kind of Function.

As he was admiring on this the Rigour of his Fate, that all that day long had brought him from

one Crosseness to another, the door was open'd on the *Queens* side; and the King came out followed by that Princess. Happily for the *Count*, one of the great Pictures of the Gallery, that wanted something to be mended, was let down, behind which he had leisure to hide himself.

It was *Sigismond*'s Custom every night in Summer, to take some turnes in that Gallery, before he went to bed, & the *Queen* would sometimes keep him Company. She was then entertaining of him, with the Amourous stories of her Selects; of which she told him divers as much to divert him, as to gain the more Confidence from him. What would you say Sir, said She, if that the Bishop of *Cracovia* is in love with me also? I should say, replyed the King, that he could not be so with a more Beautiful Woman; but I believe him too wise; and you would

would have much to do to perſwade me to it. I aſſure you that he is ſo, replied the *Queen*, even to that height as to become Jealous of all that come near me: The firſt Declaration of Love that he ever made me, continued ſhe, was in his *Maſs Book*; where he told me, that he would ſhew me the greateſt Devotion he had: Which conſiſted in five or ſix Cuts of my Picture, all which repreſented me in divers poſtures of Saints, and he at my Feet. Of truth I never did laugh ſo much in all my life, for never any of my Lovers had ever deviſed to make Love to me after ſuch a Pious manner.

Sigiſmond, who was a good Prince, could not forbear laughing alſo; but he thought that it was only a jeſting ſtory, or that at leaſt the *Queen* fitted it to her own humour. I ſwear unto you, added ſhe, that he is jealous of *Tar-*

now; and that he will not have me to see him. But, *Madam*, said the King, in way of Admonition, Do not you your self give way unto such Insolences? You have such sorts of kind wayes and manners, continued this Prince, which in *Italy* would be nothing, but that in such a Country as this, cause divers things to be thought and said, more than there is. A little more Moderation, in all those Outward things, continued he, would not ill become you. [illegible] self, replyed the *Queen*, for my Lord Bishop's sake? No *Madam*, replyed the King, but for your Own sake. I must have some time allow'd me, Sir, said the *Queen*, to use my self unto the Customes of the Country, and I cannot warrant you, that I can ever become so Barbarous, and to take no longer any delight in Life, or in Humane Society, as I see divers do here.

The

The King, to whom this discourse did not please, changed the Theme; and after some Turnes more in the Gallery, they retired.

This Adventure, which was for *Tarnaw* a Scene, in which he did see a Picture of the *Queens* Natural humour drawn to the Life, who would easily sacrifice those that she had favoured, did give him much cause of moralizing on her Person, all the rest of that Night. The Incomparable Bishop, with his Declaration was not forgot; but above all he did admire the Kings Patience, who had so much Indulgency for the *Queens* little Sallies. It is true, that this Prince had already declared on this account, unto some unseasonable givers of Advice, That if he was to have punished or exiled all those, of whom the *Queen* had given him cause of Complaint, his Court would be

in a short time quite deserted.

This Impunity however, nor the Kings Clemency, did not give the *Count* any desire, to engage any farther with the Queen; on the contrary, the more this Prince was Indulgent, the more Horror had he of his Crime. Besides, that this night he was very much out of humour with Love, through all those Accidents which had happen'd unto him, and of which he was not yet quite rid. Never had any night seemed so long and tedious to him. At last Day came; and one of the Kings Bed-chamber, having some business that way, came luckily to open the door, while he was behind that Picture.

Never Man, that was condemn'd to a perpetual Prison, could go with more joy, out of his Bonds, then he did out of that Place: So soon as he was returned home, he enquired after the Lacquay which he had left at the Dutch-

esse's

esse's door; he was answered that he was still in Centery; on which his Perplexity did redouble. He could not believe, that Count *Topor* had passed the night so fortunately. The Ducheſs was a woman of great Circumspection: And this Young *Count* could at most serve her, but for Divertisement. His coming to the Dutcheſſes was to learn Manners, for it was a real School for that; she did call him her Son; not but that she was too Young to have any of the age, but through a Kindness, which could not go far. Yet beauteous and well-made as he was, there had been some Talk about it with any other Person, than the Ducheſs; who had had the good fortune of being a Gallant, without the least suspicion of Gallantising.

The *Count* of *Tarnaw*, impatient to know the Truth of this, sent to his Man, to learn some

news; Word was brought him back, that all that night no Perſon of Note had ſtirred forth of the Dutcheſſe's: This put him into greater perplexities then ever. He changes his Cloathes, and followed but with one ſingle Servant, he deſigned to ſurpriſe the Dutcheſs: When that he ſaw come into his Chamber the Biſhop of *Cracovia*.

The Reception he made him was very cold. I ſee, dear Couſin, ſaid the Prelate, that I came at an ill time, and that you are not up ſo early in the Morning, but upon ſome great deſigns; but you know to what Perſons of my profeſſion are obliged; and moreover that we are to obey our Maſters Orders. I bring you ſuch News, continued he, which will not be very agreable to you. What? Interrupted the *Count* haſtily, not being deſirous to have any long diſcourſe with him,

Is

Is it not an Order from the *Queen*, which forbids me from seeing her? The Bishop surprised to hear him foreſtall what he had to ſay, could not conceive how he ſhould his ſo right, unleſs that by ſome Treachery, the *Queen* her ſelf had already informed him of it. He told him that of truth it was that, which had brought him thither. That the Queen having doubtleſs heard, that there was ſome talk of that Converſation, which ſhe had had with him in his Country-Houſe, ſhe had thought it fit for her Honours Intereſt, and the *Counts* good, not to ſee him for ſome time, but as ſhee did ſee indifferently all the reſt of the Court; and that this Advice was of ſufficient Conſequence, to have him profit by it; That ſhe had employed him, to declare it to him as a near Kinſman, and one of his beſt Friends. The *Count* not being moved at all that the Bi-

ſhop

ſhop ſaid, replyed, in ſuch a ſerious manner, as would confound any man, That he knew well of what nature, the Obligation he owed him in this rencounter was, and that he might tell the *Queen* that he would obey her Orders, as ſhe deſired. You ſpeak with ſuch an Ayr, replyed the Biſhop, it ſeems as if I diſobliged you. Once more, I am perfectly inſtructed, replied the *Count*, of all your Bountyes; and in time and place, I ſhall thank you for them. Can you ſuſpect me? interrupted the *Prelate*: Not at all, replyed *Tarnaw*, but I think that I ſhould not have over much cauſe of confiding in a man, that ſhould accuſe me falſly to the Queen. Who could accuſe you, replied the Biſhop bluſhing? Have you ſome Rivals that can be ſo much concerned at your good Fortune? The *Count*, who began to be weary of hearing his falſe Reaſoning;

ing; Yes, I have ſome, ſayd he to him fiercely, and that ſhould meddle with any thing elſe than Gallantizing. That does not concern me, ſaid the good Prelate, in great diſorder. I know not whether that concernes you or not, replyed the *Count*; But I know well that the King is informed, that a certain man of your Character, has found out the way of making a Declaration of Love unto the *Queen* in his Maſs Book. The Lord Biſhop, not being able to bear the clearing of a thing which loaded him with Confuſion, aroſe, and taking an haſty leave of the *Count*, Farewell ſaid he, you may reap profit of my Advices, if you pleaſe; but whenceſoever they come, Time will let you know that you ſtood in need of them, as much others. The *Count*, who thought he had told him enough, did let him go; to go himſelf about other buſineſs, and to execute the de-

ſign

ſign which he had in his Heart, as well as in his mind.

He went forth with that Servant, and wholly taken up with his Diſtruſts, he took the direct way to the Durcheſſes Palace; towards which he was no ſooner come, but that he ſaw a man come forth, which was ſomething near the *Count* of *Topors* pitch; and who under a diſguiſe, did endeavour to hide his face with a kind of Robe or Cloak, which was then worn. He follows him, accoſt's him, and ſpeaks to him. He preſſes him to diſcover himſelf, telling him, that it was to no purpoſe to hide himſelf, that he knew him, and that he was ſure, he was the *Count Topor*. The other ſaid not a word, goes on his way ſtill, with as quick a Pace as he could, and lets *Tarnac* talk on. He who would be fully informed of the buſineſs, ſeeing that there was no likelihood of being ſatisfied that way, looſes his patience,

patience, speaks with a more loud & threatning voice, of falling on this unknown person, whom he is absolutely resolved to know; but he having a Servant, and the other none, to have no Advantage over him, he sent him back: After which, renewing the Assault, You the happy Lover of the *Dutchess of Ostrot*, said he to him, you shall not escape me; I am single as well as you, and for the Trouble you give me, you must make me Sharer in all your adventure, or we must cut one anothers throats. Lets get into this house, continued ye, (being then just before a Merchants door, which he knew very well) and there we shall take measures more at leisure, to satisfy me one way or other. This unknown person, having made no difficulty to follow him, *Farnan* asked for a Chamber, where being locked in with his pretended Rival, Come it is time to leave off

off this Cloak and ſpeak clearly, ſaid he, for there are but us two here. The pretended *Count* of *Topor*, ſitting in a Chair, ſtill muffled in his Cloak, did neither anſwer or move: When the impatient and furious *Tarnaw*, coming near him took the end of his Cloak, and did pull it with ſuch a force, that taking it from him, he failed but little of throwing him down Chair and all. The ſtreſs he made, and his Fury did hinder him at firſt from ſeeing with whom he had to do; but having laid his hand on the hilt of his Sword, to be in readineſs, in caſe the other ſhould require Satisfaction, he caſt his eyes on him, and perceived that it was the *Dutcheſs*. What an amazement was his! Never was man more confounded! He no ſooner was come to himſelf again, but caſting himſelf at the Ladyes feet, Is it poſſible it ſhould be you *Madam*? ſaid he,

(with

(with a voice which ſufficiently ſhewed the Trouble which he had for that Error he had committed) How will you forgive me ſo rude a Violence? Yes *Count*, I forgive it you, replyed the *Dutcheſs*, ſmilingly; and I confeſs to you moreover, continued ſhe, cauſing him to riſe, that you never did any any thing in your life, that has pleaſed me ſo much as this; for by this I know that you have ſtill ſome Kindneſs for me, and that the *Queens* Charmes have not wholly driven me out of your heart. Say rather, *Madam* replyed the *Count*, That that Princeſſes Charmes have not ſo much dazled me, but that I acknowledge my fault. I had begg'd your pardon yeſterday for it, continued he, if you had not been ſo cruel as to refuſe hearing me, for a young Rivals ſake, with whom you were doubtleſs comforting your ſelf of the loſs of me. The *Dutcheſs* laughing

laughing, confeſſed to him that little piece of Malice; and told him the Sorrow which ſhe had received by it afterwards, and that in the Trouble that it had put her all the night long, ſhe had diſguiſed her ſelf, as he then ſaw her, to go ſeek him at his own Houſe, and make up ſome kind of Accomodation. *Tarnaw*, abandoning himſelf unto tranſports of Joy, and of Thankſgiving, for the *Dutcheſſes* Kindneſs, he told her all that his heart could conceive of moſt tender.

This Converſation, on which it is not neceſſary that I ſhould extend any further, had in fine ſuch Pleaſures and Delights, that none but very paſſionate perſons can be capable of conceiving: But in another place, there was at that time ſuch things preparing, as would prevent them from enjoying long their mutual happineſs.

The Lord Biſhop of *Cracovia*, al-

alwayes in readineſs, and evermore Curious, had not fail'd at his going from the *Count* of *Tarnaw*, to leave one of his Servants behind to watch him. The Equipage in which he had found him ſo early, the Trouble which he had ſeen on his face, and all that he had ſaid to him, more than all the reſt, had raiſed divers Chimeras in his head, and he would gladly have known, what was his Deſign; if it concerned not the *Queen*, who had taken the pains to oblige him, by adverting ſo timely this Lover of all that he had to ſay to him from her. This Servant was ſubtle, and twixt Man and Man there is an entire Confidence; ſo that this had no great task in informing himſelf, of what he would know. He learnt that the Count of *Tarnaw* had ſome broyl with the Count of *Tapor*, and that he was to ſeek after him at the *Dutcheſs* of *Oſtrig*.

He

He saw them whisper together in the Street, and had follow'd them to the Merchants door, where he left them, to go give his Master a just account of it, who failed not of rendring himself immediatly at Court, and of informing the King that there was a Quarrel betwixt the two *Counts*, on the account of the *Dutchess* of *Ostrog*. The King, who loved *Tarnaw* exceedingly, and who did very much consider the Family of the other (which was one of the most Ancient and most Illustrious of the Kingdom) did presently give order to prevent this mischief; and the Lord Bishop of *Crasovia*, being the man, which he thought the most proper to bee employed in such a business, he sent him, with a Captain of his Guards, and some Musqueteers, to arrest them both in the Kings Name. The Lord Bishop did take upon him with delight this Commission. They all go to-

together to this Merchants house, and without any noise, that they might not fail of their Aim, the Prelate gets all alone up to the Chamber, where he had been told those Gentlemen were; he knocks, without saying a word; the door is opened, and he finds the Count *Tarnaw*, in conference with the other *Cavalier*, who were doubtless very much startled to see him. You see, sayes the Bishop to *Tarnaw*, who was the first that he met with, how I am appointed all this day to trouble you; but I do acquit my self more willingly of this Commission, then of that in the Morning. I come to arrest you both in the Kings Name. To arrest us, replyed the *Count*, more surprised then ever, and the Reason, I pray you? Of reason, replyed the Bishop, you know there is sufficiency. Deliver both your Swords, continued he, and give

me

me your Word, that you will not ſtir from hence, till all things be adjuſted, or I will cauſe the Captain of the Guards which the King has ſent, with twelve Muſqueteers, to come up. The *Count*, who could not comprehend any thing in all that, fearing leaſt it ſhould be ſome deſign of the Queens on the Dutcheſs; Or that the Biſhop would revenge himſelf, for what he had ſaid to him in the Morning; he took him aſide, and deſired him not to reduce things to the laſt extremity; that there was no need for him to deliver his Sword, becauſe that he had no quarrel; that he ſhould ſend back the Captain with the Souldiers, and let him retire home with his Companion, who would be oblig'd to him for it. The Biſhop anſwered, that it was the Kings Order, and that he was troubled to ſee him receive ſo ill all that came from him, and that

he had taken that Commission upon him; but however, he doing his Duty, it was his to obey. I obey, replyed *Tarnaw*, with an angry voice, to an Order which has been given, but to insult over me; here is, continued he, laying his hand on his Sword, that which shall give by Force, what you refuse me, and in spight of you, of your Captain, and Musqueteers, I will retire home with this Cavalier. The Bishop, though of a bold Spirit, knowing the Counts Valour, thought that it was time to call the Men up, and did call them; Upon which the Count taking him by the hand, told him, shewing him the Dutchess, who had not discovered her self yet, That seeing he carryed things to that extremity, he should give him an account of all that should happen to that Person, which he was willing to leave in his Custody. And presently

ſently drawing his Sword, he met the Captain whom he found upon the Staires, and bid him to retire or that he would run his Sword through him. The Captain anſwered him, that he had no order to offer him any Violence; but only to Arreſt him. You have ſufficiently done your Duty, replyed the *Count*; return to the King; and tell him that within this hour I will be at the Caſtle, I give you my Word for it. The Officer, who thought that the Word of ſuch a Perſon, as was *Count Tarnaw*, was ſufficient, whom he would not diſoblige, retired with his men below Stairs, there to wait for the Biſhops orders

This Illuſtrious Prelate, was in a pleaſant Surpriſal, when the *Count* came again into the Chamber. The Dutcheſs, who did foreſee that all the Conſequences of this buſineſs would fall upon her, thought it would be the beſt way to ſuppreſs

preſs it as well as ſhe could. She had drawn near to the Biſhop, while the *Count* was ſpeaking to the Captain, and making her ſelf known, ſhe had not had any occaſion for many words, to perſwade him to what ſhe deſired. He was ſo ſurpriſed at the ſight of her, that ſhe could not forbear laughing at it, notwithſtanding all the Diſorder ſhe was in. The Biſhop was not yet perfectly come to himſelf again, when the *Count* returned to them. The *Prelate* asked pardon of them both, but eſpecially of the *Dutcheſs:* He informed them of the Miſtake, which had produced ſuch an Order from the King; & how the Noiſe had been ſpread abroad that *Count Tarnaw* had ſome quarrel with *Count Topor*, and that they had been met in the Street going to fight. The two Perſons concern'd, not knowing that it was to the Biſhop they were obliged for all this Buſtle, all the buſineſs was turn'd

into Rallery; and *Tarnaw* made ſome Excuſes to the Biſhop, for his Raſhneſs towards him. They ſtood in need of him, that he might manage the *Dutcheſſes* Reputation in this buſineſs: She was not wanting in Care and Ingenuity to recommend it to him. He was concern'd in it, as well as they; for he had had his ſhare of the Rallery, if it ſhould be known, that he was the miſtaken Perſon, who had firſt carryed the news of it to Court. But he could not diſpence himſelf from relating the thing as it was to the King, and the King could not fail of confiding it to the *Queen*, as of truth it happened.

Mean time the Biſhop, being retired, with his Followers, the *Count* reconducted the *Dutcheſs* home, and after that, retired to his own Houſe, where he found one of the *Queens Pages*, who had been waiting for him above an hour, with this Note.

I Am still expecting the account of the resolution You have taken. Are things so equal, that it merits such long Consideration? You caused a great deal of trouble yesterday to Persons to find you out. Where were you? You doubtless stood in need of Councel, and You were gone for it. How weak you are? You move pity in me, my poor Tarnaw! *Be with me at ten; I have something of greater moment to impart. Peradventure that the* Bishop *of* Cracovia *may have given You some Orders from me; They would be sufficiently Just; But I must see You once more, to know what's to be done with you.*

He had scarce finished the reading of that Note, when another *Page* brought him this.

THere is a Noise abroad, that You have some quarrel with the Count Topor, *& that the* Dutchess *of*

Oſtrog, *is the cauſe of it. To believe this, I muſt have other Witneſſes then the common Report. Is your blood no dearer to You? You deſerve not that one ſhould take care of it. I forbid You however to fight, for any body ſoever, and I charge You to come with the ſooneſt to give me an account Your ſelf of that difference. You know what You owe me; fear the effects of my Indignation.*

The *Count* having read this laſt Note alſo, told the *Page*, that he would go himſelf, to carry the Anſwer to the *Queen*, and that he would be with her in a quarter of an hours time.

He ſaw the neceſſity there was for him to go to the Caſtle both to lay the Noiſe of this pretended Combat, and to prevent by his preſence, the raiſing of new ſtories; as of truth there were many of divers ſorts ſpread abroad already.

The King, having learn'd the whole ſtory from the Biſhop, was pleaſed with Laughing at it, and to ſay, That he had never ſeen any honeſt Woman have ſo much Gallantry as the *Dutcheſs* of *Oſtrog* had: And preſently going to the Queens Apartment, he failed not to give her a fine relation of all that Adventure. If *Tarnaw* had not been concerned, ſhe had doubtleſs been pleaſed with it; but ſhe had too great a Share in this, to laugh at it as much as the thing deſerved. The Satisfaction ſhe had in it was, to tell it to every body, becauſe in ſo doing ſhe knew the Wrong and Spight, which ſhe ſhould do the *Dutcheſs*. So that it preſently became publick; to which every one added Circumſtances according to his own fancy; for no body did know the true Cauſe of the *Dutcheſſes* Diſguiſe; nor what was the *Count* of *Tarnaws* deſign, when he had

riſen

riſen ſo early in the Morning, to conduct her to the *Merchants*; he that could ſee her day and night at her own Houſe. It was eaſy to perceive, that there was ſome Myſtery in the buſineſs; and that was the Myſtery, which gave occaſion for all thoſe diſcourſes, in which the Biſhop had his ſhare.

Tarnaw having rendered himſelf at the Caſtle, the firſt that he found there was *Count Topor*, who coming up to him, with a ſmiling Countenance, ſaid, *That more honour had been done him that day, than he merited, in being thought capable of giving any Jealouſy to ſuch a man as he, and bold enough to meaſure his Sword with him.* *Count Tarnaw* embracing him, anſwered with the like Air, *That he had no deſire to have a Love-quarrel with a Young* Cavalier *ſo well made as he; but if that by ill fortune, there ſhould ever be any ſuch thing, on the* Dutcheſſes *account,*

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He intreated him that she might decide the Difference. Ending these words he left him, and passed into the Queens Apartment, where she who was wont to convey him into her Chamber, came to tell him, that he could not see her for divers Reasons. The *Count*, who was going to render this visit, as a Criminal would appear before his Judges, without inquiring into the Reasons, nor making any further Instances to be admitted, in that he came upon the Queens immediate Order, He only bowed to the Lady, and returned home; whence he stirred not all the rest of the day, having need of some little Rest, after the night that he had passed.

Mean time the Noise of this business, that had passed from the Court to the City, was gone from thence to the Country also, and at last unto the Duke of *Ostrogs* Ears. The News surprised him; he became upon it very melancho-

lick and fretful. He did perceive that the *Dutchess* had not carryed her Revenge very long; and if this was the first Folly that she had committed, her temper had had need of her Vertue, to be wise. Nevertheless, having his mind wholly taken up with the Queens cruelties towards him, the Joy which he had at her share in this business did comfort him as to all the rest; and I believe that he would not have been no Cuckold, considering the Satisfaction he received, from that blinded Princess being deceiv-by a man, who so little deserved to be preferred before him. He came to Town again, at least to triumph on the Queens Account, though he was a Looser on that of his Wifes. He appeared very angry at first against the Dutchess; with biting Ralleries, harsh Usage, and severe Rebukes. The *Dutchess* took it patiently; and did endeavour to justifie the Righteousness

of

of her Intentions; but finding that the Duke continued treating of her ill; she flew out as well as he, and began to reproach him: As if it became him, whose manifest Treachery was not to be regarded, to insult over a Woman, whom meer Chance, and bare Appearances could render guilty before men. So that things being almost equal on both sides, there was mention made of an Accomodation, and the Principal Article was; That for the mutual Union, the Duke should renounce all the Queens Gallantry, and should no more see her in private; And that the *Dutchess* should do the same with Count *Tannau*. I believe that at that present their Intentions might be good; But in matters of Love there is no forswearing of any thing. Swear, not to see any more that which one Loves? is an Oath, which never gives a mind to do it; and but too many of those Perjured Persons are daily seen.

The *Queen* was ſtartled at the *Counts* Indifferency. She thouht that the Refuſal, which he had met with at the Chamber door, would have whetted the more his deſires of ſeeing her; that he would return to the Charge again; that he would employ ſome of his Friends towards her; or at leaſt that he would write to her to juſtify himſelf, or to beg her pardon; but ſhe ſaw none of all this; and the whole day paſt away without hearing any thing from him. Her Soul was more moved at this Indifferency, than at all that had paſſed beſides; and ſhe did call this the height of Perfidiouſneſs. She could not forbear the next day from ſending to him; but he was gone out very Early on hunting.

It was an Exercise that the *Count* lov'd very much, but he had not taken that pretence, but to be ſome days out of Town, on a Let-

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ter which the *Dutchess* had writ to to him, as follows.

THE War has not Lasted long; at last Peace is concluded; But on such conditions, as are difficult to keep on both sides, as we both have been ready to promise them: which is, That we absolutely renounce all that which had caus'd our Dis-union. That is to say, in my sense, all that is most Charming in the world, which is the pleasure of seeing that which one Loves. I require but three dayes absence from you, to bring some to Composition, who will be oblig'd, at last, to agree to all that shall be required. I would only have the satisfaction of not being the first in Breaking of the Treaty. Let me know where you will bee, and let me hear from you at least twice a day.

The Queen could not digest her Anger for the *Counts* proceedings so contrary to her desires. She fell into an extreem Trouble of mind upon it; But her Resen-

ment

ment was ſtill more bent on the *Dutcheſs*, than on that Lover. She conſidered her as the only Cauſe of all the Croſſes that ſhe had met with, ſince her coming into that Kingdom, and ſhe was reſolved to be revenged, at what rate ſoever.

She knew that the *Duke* was returned from the Country, and that the King had ſent for him; ſo that ſhe gave order, that when he ſhould come to Court, he ſhould be told that ſhe would ſpeak with him. *Sigiſmond*, who knew as well as the reſt of the Kingdom, that the Duke of *Oſtrog*, was a man of Courage, and of Capacity to let fly his Reſentments far and near, in reſpect of what had paſſed betwixt *Count Tarnaw* and his Wife; he thought that in Prudence he ought to prevent the Conſequences; not doubting but that all his Court would take partyes with thoſe two Lords, whereby great diſorders might follow. He learn'd

that

that the Duke was return'd to the City; & he eaſily imagin'd that it was to that purpoſe. He ſent him word that he would ſpeak with him. But the whole Court was very buſy, how this matter ſhould be made up; and in truth thoſe of this nature are very difficult to be reconciled. The Duke went to the Caſtle, and finding that perſons were very much concern'd, eſpecially the King, in finding out of Terms, and Reaſons, wherewith to make him bear the better the new Title with which his Wife had honoured him; He anticipated all that could be ſaid to him. What need is there of diſguiſing to me the matter, I know that if I am not a Cuckold before Heaven, I am ſo before men; but I know alſo, that we muſt fit our ſelves to the Cuſtom of divers ages, and to conſolate my ſelf of my affliction, I have but too many examples before my Eyes: I aym

not

Not at *Count Tarnaws* life; all his Blood would not make the *Dutchess* the honester Woman; and should my Honour depend on that only, I well see that there would be no Return of it: All that I can do is, to wait till he be Married, to render him the Change. The business being thus turn'd into Rallery, the King was over-joy'd to see him take that Course, which he did second with divers solid reasons, giving a great deal of Praise unto the Dukes Conduct. That Action was after that as an happy Plank for all those that found themselves in the number of the betrayed Husbands; there being nothing indeed more ridiculous in the World, than to cast ones self away for being dishonoured by a Woman. Give me those Wise and Prudent Persons, as was the Duke, who on all other accounts, was an Example of Valour, as well as of Cuckoldship here.

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He going from the King, a Gentleman brought him the order from the Queen. He presently thought of the promise which he had made the *Dutchess*; but he was to obey, or rather, he was to yield unto that Byas, which carried him that way. He did appear so constrained, and so perplexed at the sight of that Princess, that she could not restrain from Laughing; and letting her self go unto her usual Humour, which was free, and full of Gayety: Well my Lord Duke, said she, have you not a very honest Wife, and is not *Turnau* an undoubted Friend? Friendship, Madam, said he, is Subject unto such Treacheries; but the *Count* is yet more guilty in point of Love; he will be sooner pardoned for having betrayed a Friend, continu'd he, then the faireſt Princess in the World. The Queen answered him Coldly, That she did take no further care of that business, than

ſo much as would make her Sport. If I was concern'd in it, continu'd ſhe, I ſhould think the Perſons ſufficiently puniſhed with the Confuſion it hath brought upon them. But how have you reſented the buſineſs? And how do you carry your ſelf towards *Tarnaw*? The Duke gave her to underſtand, that he was not a man that would take ſo much to heart, a buſineſs of which he was not the Maſter; that which way ſo ever it had come to paſs, he thought that it fell to his Wifes ſhare, to take upon her all the Blame of the adventure, ſeeing that it was ſhe that had committed the Fault. That as to the *Count*, he expected from Time and Opportunity ſome means to revenge himſelf, like a man of Honour, but not as a declared Enemy. The Queen having ſaid ſome pleaſant things on his Maximes which ſhe well approv'd of, the Duke replyed, That he had Copyed them

out of the Practice of the greatest men in Antiquity; and that he did not uſe, in things of Conſequence, to regulate himſelf by the common Opinion. The Queen, who was deſirous to fall upon that which did concern her ſelf the moſt, reply'd, That all that was very well; but that howſoever it was probable, he would not permit *Tarnaw* to continue having the ſame Aſſiduities with the *Dutcheſs*: Why not? Madam, replyed the Duke, who preſently perceived, that this was that thing the Queen did wiſh for. The miſcheif is already done, continu'd he, and it would be a great Folly in me to be ſo cautious, where there is no Remedy. That ſhould have been done in time and ſeaſon. What would you endure, ſaid the Queen, with ſome trouble,——— I ſhall not only endure, ſaid he interrupting her, that he ſhould do as he has formerly done, but

I will go instantly from hence to seek him, and intreat him so to do. That is to be very Complaisant, replied she, and this may very well be called, to be a Commodious Man. But to let you see, continued she, the little Concern I take in it: Know that I am pleased at your going to see the *Count*; and I do Order you, at the same time to bring him here to me. You may think it may be, that I have a mind he should ask me Pardon, continued she, and that we should be reconciled. Your example might be followed, and peradventure that I should not find it difficult to imitate you, if I had no other cause of Complaint against him; but know that he has offended me by a more sensible way, than that the of *Dutchess*; and that it is three dayes since I have given Order unto the Bishop of *Cracovia*, to tell him from me, that he should never more appear

pear before my presence. The Duke both surprised and rejoyced at this news, asked the Queen, if it were possible that the Count should give her any cause of treating him so ill? Yes, replyed she, and were it not for the Noise that it might make in the World, I had spoken of it to the King. But I cannot better punish him, continued she, than in confounding of him before you, and in reproaching his Unworthiness my self in person. At this proposition the Duke was in his Dumps, and could have wished that the Queen had persisted in her first Resolution, or at least that she had charged some other with that Commission. But there was no way to avoyd it; she would absolutely have it, that it should be him that should bring to her the Count, and that he should be Witness, after what manner she would treat him. The Duke was too clear-sighted, and

did

did know the Queen too well, to fall into that Trap. But that Princeſſes Charmes did ſo dazle him, that if his life had been at ſtake, he could not refuſe what ſhe required of him. This is cruel, *Madam*, ſaid he, thus to exact from my obedience ſo hard a Task: I ſhall do it however, continued he, ſeeing that you command it. But the Repentance of it may coſt me my Life. Upon this he took leave of the *Queen*, who promiſed him, to ſet this Conſtraint, which he did to himſelf for her ſake, upon account.

Count *Topor*, very proud of the Honour that this noiſe had done him, of being in love with the *Dutcheſs*, had a mind to become ſo in good earneſt: He undertook to viſit her more frequently then before. But knowing that a Paſſion according to Form, ought to begin by a Declaration, he was divers dayes in meditating one which

which might pleaſe his Miſtreſs. They were fine words which he compoſed, afterwards writ, but which he did blot out as often as he writ them; and when he was reſolved, and had agreed upon thoſe which he would uſe, he had forgot all again ſo ſoon as he came before the *Dutcheſs*; ſo that he was forced to ſtand to thoſe which the Publick had made for him.

The Dutcheſs could eaſily perceive a change both in the Humour and Manners of the Count. She might have gueſſed at his deſign; and at ſome other time ſhe might have diverted her ſelf with it. But at that time ſhe was not capable of any Pleaſure; and her mind wholly taken up with *Tarnaws* concerns, could not find time to examine the baſhful ſighs of Young *Topor*. He kept her Company. He had a graceful ſweet Diſpoſition, which in that ſeat that her ſoul was in then, did better pleaſe

her,

her, than all the Entertainments of the most refined Wits, that daily visited her. But that which made her the more to consider him, was, that he had been very useful to her, in recalling back the wavering Constancy of weak *Tarnaw*; and that he might yet serve her in other designes.

The Count *Topor*, had a good Access with the Queen; not so far as to be in the Number of the Selected, which did take up all the cares and pleasures of that Princess: For she would have none but such men as were ready perfected, and not such as were yet to be modelised: And those of Count *Topors* age, she would send to the Dutchess, as to the School of Tenderness; but all that had the appearance of a well-made and accomplished man, had access in her Apartment. And therefore *Topor* might pretend to a good Reception there. For he was a very

beautiful

beautiful Youth; and nothing was more regular than his Perſon.

The *Dutcheſs*, that went no longer to Court, thought that ſhe could not find a man more fit than that Young *Count*, by whom to be informed of all the proceedings of her Husband towards the Queen, and that in that diſpoſition of heart, which he had for her, he would embrace with Zeal that occaſion of ſerving her. As of truth ſhe had no ſooner propoſed the buſineſs to him, but he promiſed to have an Eye on all the actions of the Duke, and that there ſhould paſs nothing in any thing that ſhe had a deſire to know, but he would give her a moſt faithful Account of it. The Young *Count* was quick-witted, and very dextrous; and that Commiſſion ſuting with his Genius, there was no fear, that any thing ſhould eſcape his Diligence.

The Duke had no ſooner been with the Queen, but that the *Dutcheſs*

cheſs was informed by her young Spye, of that Viſit, and of the long Conference which he had had with that Princeſs; and that preſently after he had taken Horſe, to go ſeek the *Count* of *Tarnaw*. Theſe news did much alarum the *Dutcheſs*; ſhe feared it ſhould be ſome deſign of a Combat; though ſhe had been told, that the King had taken care to prevent that miſchief. But for the Duke at his going from the Queen, who could not but be vexed againſt *Tarnaw*, to immediatly go to ſeek him! that could not but foretel Evil. In the trouble which that cauſed her, ſhe was a thouſand times on the point of running her ſelf after the Duke; when at laſt this Note was brought to her.

I Have newly received a viſit from the Duke. And you may imagine how great was my Surpriſal; But that which will amaze you more, will be to learn, that he is come here, to

bring

bring me to the Queen. I obey, but fear you nothing; for this is but an ill way to my heart; and at my coming from thence, I am more yours than ever.

Tarnaw.

This Note inſtead of compoſing her mind, did caſt her into a thouſand times more terrible Perplexities. She had almoſt rather that the Duke and Count had fought, than to hear of that tender Combat which was going to be betwixt her Lover, and her Rival. She could not forgive the *Count*, for expoſing himſelf to it. It was as to her an abſolute Treachery; and whatever ſhould happen of it, ſhe was reſolved to renounce for ever, all that Tenderneſs which ſhe had for him. To which did follow ſuch Impatiencies and Vexations, as none but a woman can well conceive.

It is confeſſed, that the *Count* might very well have defended himſelf, from obeying an Order, which was not delivered to him, with that Authority, as did ſpeak, that the Queen would neceſſarily have it obey'd. The Duke was too much Intereſted to acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion with Candor. But a Queen, who did ſend his very Rival to ſee after him; a Queen ſo Charming as that was, had not need to make uſe of an abſolute Authority. There was a kind of Ambition in obeying her, ſuch as could not eaſily be paſſed by, by ſuch a Perſon as was *Count Tarnaw*. Not but that he did hope, in ſpight of all the dangers he was to run through, to preſerve his heart wholly for the Dutcheſs, as he had writ to her; but there was too much Preſumption in the very writing of it. That heart had once already yielded it ſelf, and was not grown ſtronger ſince that time. He

He came then into the Queens Presence, who excellently well acted the part of an offended Princess. The Duke would have withdrawn, but she stayed him to be Spectator of the scene, as she had promised him. There was nothing but Slights and Scorns, and even Injuryes, for the *Count*; who well knew that he but too well deserv'd them, both in respect to the *Queen*, and in respect to the Duke; but finding that he was not charg'd with Particulars, and that he was taxed but in General, because the Queen would not specify before the Duke the faults he had committed; he had so much Insolency, as to tell the Queen, that he knew not of what she could accuse him; and did in a kind of malicious way press her to declare his Compliffes and Accusers. At which that Princess being more enraged than ever, she Banish'd him from her presence.

The Duke, the too happy Duke, charmed with the ſucceſs of his Journey, did by an exceſs of Generoſity, implore the Queens Grace, and demand pardon for *Tarnaw*; but that incenſed Princeſs told him, that ſhe would never ſee him more; and that ſhe would have him to carry that Order from her to him. The Duke anſwer'd her with an humble Voice, yet ſuch as did expreſs the joy of his heart, That he was ready to obey her; but that it was a very nice part for a Rival; that it was very probable the *Count* would not give any great Faith unto that which he ſhould ſay to him, if ſhe had not the Bounty to give him that Order in Writing; which the Queen, who was allmoſt dead with Impatiency of being rid of him, did grant preſently. After which adding ſome little Kindneſs unto the Joyes which the Duke already felt, ſhe did ſo raiſe his Spirits, that he ſcarce felt himſelf. He at laſt tore himſelf

ſelf from ſo many Inchantments, quite loſt with Love. But he was no ſooner at the Caſtle gate, but he found he had left upon the Table the Queens Order; ſo that he was forc'd to return, for it was the moſt eſſential piece of all his Commiſſion. He entered the Chamber ſomewhat abruptly; and there he finds the *Count Tarnaw* with that Perfidious Princeſs. It is eaſy to imagine how great was his Amazement, but not the Vexation, Rage, and Fury of his Soul! *Oh! Heavens*, cry'd he aloud, *is it poſſible I ſhould be thus play'd upon!* The Queen, who was extreamly ſurpriſed to ſee him return, paſſing on the ſuddain, as ſhe us'd to do, from the Surpriſal unto the Addreſs of the adventure, did let her ſelf looſe, to ſuch breaking forth of Laughter, as reduc'd the Miſerable Duke to diſpair; who looking on her with Eyes ſparkling with fury, went out without any more words.

All those devouring Poisons accompanying him home, there he found the additional Grief of a Wife almost in as ill a humour as himself, which gave him but a very could Reception. They met by accident in the same Chamber; where it may be said they saw one another without looking: At least they were there long enough together without speaking. Mean time they were not so wholly taken up with their own Vexations, but that they sought to guess at one anothers Troubles. The Duke did mistrust that his Dear Spouse had already heard of the Visit which he had rendred to the Queen; which doubtless was the Cause of her being out of humour: But the Dutchess was more troubled than he, in unravelling the true cause of her Husbands sorrow; and Women being naturally more Curious than Men, she could withhold no longer the desires she had

of

of informing her ſelf of a thouſand Suſpicions. She was the firſt therefore which broke ſilence, in asking the Duke, Whence proceeded ſome certain Trouble which ſhe ſaw ſpread over his face; he who ought to have Cauſe of being the moſt contented of all mortals, after the tender and obliging Reception which he had met with at Court. *It is true*, replyed the Duke coldly, *that if my happineſs conſiſted only in a favourable Reception, I ſhould have cauſe of being ſatisfied.* *What then* (interrupted the Dutcheſs) *Is it that ſuch an heart as yours, requires ſomething further than to have a Rival out of favour, and to be kindly receiv'd by the Object it loves? Confeſs the truth* (continued She,) *You would appear troubled before me, while you glory in your Soul of your Conqueſt. Do not force your ſelf*, (added She) *I know all, I know how far your acknowledgments have gone, in requital of thoſe*

Kindneſſes you have received. They have obliged you to take upon you the care of bringing back your Rival. I think it is much; and that you muſt needs fear but little his ſucceſs, or that you are very complaiſant in things of ſuch great nicetyes. The Duke ſurpris'd, that his Wife was already ſo well informed of what had paſs'd, did feel an increaſe of Sorrow, and Confuſion, by all ſhe ſaid to him, which were as ſo many ſevere Hints upon all the cruel Adventures of that day. He made no anſwer, which made her preſs him more yet; and asked him, *whence proceeded his ſilence? whether it was that ſhe was deceived and did falſely accuſe him? No Madam,* (replyed the Duke) *But ſuch pains have been taken to inſtruct you ſo well of things, that I think it not neceſſary to tell you more. I ſhould be better pleas'd yet* (reply'd the Dutcheſs) *to learn them from your ſelf; eſpecially* (continued ſhe)

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in what concernes your Negotiation, whether you have been well rewarded for your paines; whether your Rival has been received, as you could wish; whether——Ay, Madam, that's it, interrupted the Duke, rising, *which does concern you the most; and I am willing to give you that satisfaction: Know then,* continued he, in a passionate tone, *that the* Count *is the happiest of all men. I have been the Queens property 'tis true, and that was not according to her promise; but to my sorrow, and doubtless for yours also,* added he going off, *Tarnaw is beloved, as much as he loves, and we are both abused.*

Though the Dutchess might have expected some such thing, and that she had not over much cause, neither to believe so concern'd a Lover as was her Husband; She could not, seeing so much probability, but be very much grieved at it, and yet pleased at his retiring,

that he might not perceive the Disorders of her Soul.

In this interval enters Count *Topor*, in continuance of his services unto the Dutchess; he was come to tell her, how that the Duke accompanied with Count *Tarnaw*, had been that day with the *Queen*; and moreover that this last, being gone out first, one of the Women, had retained him to bring him back to the *Queen* the back way, while the Duke went out; adding, that he knew no further of the business. But that the Duke being returned again to the *Queen*, he had come forth presently again, with a very dissatisfied countenance. As for the Count he was there still, when he came to bring her the News.

The *Dutchess* being senseless and raving, during the recital of this cruel story, remained also some time after without speaking to the young *Count*. Who perceiving that the

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advices, which he took ſuch pains to give her, were not very pleaſing, did retire himſelf with begging pardon, for ſerving her better peradventure then ſhe deſired to be: *No, My Lord, You deceive your ſelf,* ſaid the Dutcheſs, *I confeſs that there is no great ſatisfaction to learn how one is betrayed; but with me it is a thouſand times more cruel to be ſo, and not to know it; ſo that your cares and troubles are not uſeleſs to me, nor ſhall they remain without acknowledgments. You muſt make an end* Count, continued ſhe ſighing, *and if you have any tenderneſs for me, as you expreſs of late, you muſt ayde me in overcoming the only Obſtacle that is to your deſires. I have naturally ſome inclinations for you, and you are in a way of expecting all from me.* The *Count*, to whom ſo much had never been ſaid before, at leaſt by the Dutcheſs, for whom he had one of thoſe paſſions of *Romances*, which are all fierce-

fierceneſs and ſighs, caſts himſelf at her feet in the tendereſt manner imaginable, thinking that there was no more but that to do, to make an end of ſoftening his Mrs. heart. But ſhe cauſed him to riſe, and told him, "That "ſhe would have other kind of "proofs of his Love than thoſe. That "he could not but know, that ſhe "loved Count *Tarnaw*; but that "ſeeing ſhe was betrayed by him, "ſhe would be revenged. Brave *Topor* did inſtantly offer his Arme and his Life. *No*, replyed ſhe ſmilingly, *It is neither your Blood or your Valour that I will put to tryal; Only find out a way to make me ſee with my own eyes, how I am betrayed; and my revenge is ready, without your being in the leaſt concerned any further in it. As to the Duke*, continued ſhe, *I am fully ſatisfied, and I have no more meaſures to obſerve with him; but for the Count, I confeſs that be it a weak-*

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ness of mind, or of heart, I have need to be better informed, not to doubt any further. I must convince my heart of it with my own eyes, that I may have the Power to tear it from him; after which it shall be wholly yours. This Lover, that on this account would have attempted all the most difficult things in the World, promised boldly all to the *Dutchess*, as if she needed but to speak, and the business was done. But she whose mind was moulded quite another way, and who knew how many difficulties would be met with, in her designes, permitted not her self to be overtaken with the vain Ideas of the Young *Count*. She would conduct this business after her one way, and said to *Topor*, *That he should only go to the Castle, to learn News of* Count Tarnaw, *and so return to her.*

He was scarce gone from her, when the Bishop of *Cracovia* enter'd, who was come to see the

Duke

Duke. The pretence of his visit was taken, on the business which had passed betwixt Count *Tarnav* and the Dutchess. This *Prélate* had had such a considerable share in it, as did invite him to come and justifie himself towards the Husband, as to the Noise it had made: But his designes did reach farther. They tended in fortifying the Duke in the Resentments which he ought to have of such an Affront; and in offering him a means of Revenge. He subtilly magnifyed, through the descant which he made on each particular, the Cause he had to hate the Count; he set before him the shamefull Consequences which attend such Adventures, and pointing at the necessity there was, for a man of his Honour and Quality, not to let such a Treachery go unpunished, he thought to have reduced him to a fit condition, to make him embrace with Zeal, an important occasion that there was,

of

of ruining ſo baſe a Friend. *The way is eaſy,* ſaid he: *The King this night goes to lye out of Town, to be ready for the Chace to morrow. The Queen has found out ſome weak pretences to excuſe her ſelf from it; but of truth, it is to have the freedom of paſſing the whole night with Count* Tarnaw. *What I tell you here,* continued he, with a tone and ayre to render the thing moſt certain, *I have it from the Original. I leave you to think, if it be not a certain way of Revenge for you; and if giving notice to the King of it, like a true Subject, You can fail of having them ſurpriſed together, and of rendring your ſelf at the ſame time conſiderable with the King.* The Duke ſtrangely ſurpriſed at the Prelates propoſition, gave him a full Attention. There was no doubt but that Jealouſie, which was very ſtrong in him, did find great ſatisfaction in that deſign, and Vengeance did alſo ſpur him on, to

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make uſe of it. But his ſoul did find ſo much Unworthyneſs in the act, that he could never conſent to it. He therefore told the Biſhop, that he could not reſolve to do what he propos'd, and that there were other braver wayes of Revenge. That he had learn'd to uſe that Sword which he wore; and that there was but that only way, which could give him ſatisfaction as to *Tarnaw*'s action. The Biſhop ſtrangely ſurpris'd, and as ſorry that he had no better ſucceſs in his deſign, diſſembled his Spight and Confuſion; and to patch things up again, he ſeem'd to be partly of the Dukes mind, of whom he begged Secrecy, and retired home, to think on what he had to do.

Church-men rarely forgive. That Revenge which they forbid in others, is a delicate Morſel which they reſerve for themſelves. This had his Soul too much ulcerated with

with the Queens Cruelties, and above all againſt *Tarnaw*. It was not to be hoped, that he would let ſcape ſo fair an occaſion of ruining them both. His Policy had prompted him at the firſt to make uſe of the Duke; but ſeeing he was ſo weak (as he thought) as to refuſe thoſe means which were offered him, as to his Revenge, he knew the way of uſeing them himſelf; and no body ſhould know from whence the Blow came, unleſs the Duke contrary to his word ſhould divulge the Secret. He takes a Pen, and having the perfect art of counterfeiting his own hand writing, he wrote this Note to be given ſecretly to the King, when arriv'd at that Country houſe, where he was to lye that night.

A *Faithful Subject thinks he does his duty in advertiſing his Prince, when he is diſhonour'd. If*

with

with a little diligence you this night repair to the Caſtle, there will be found at any time of coming, the Queen up, and Tarnaw *at her feet.*

This Note finiſh'd, he ſealed it, and ſent it to a man who he had near the King, who was wholly devoted to the Prelate; but he took care to inſtruct him withall, by what means he ſhould make it fall into his Maſters hands. His Heart being at reſt on that ſide, he was to pleaſe it on the other, which did no leſs move him. He raiſed his Rage ſo far, as to have the ſatisfaction of being Witneſs of the ſucceſs of the Note. The Queens Chamber anſwered into the great Garden; there was a Gallery under the windows, through which that Princeſs could deſcend into that Garden, when ſhe had a deſire to walk. The Biſhop who had power enough in the Caſtle to cauſe

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all places to be open'd to him, at all hours, thought to have found what he ſought for, and that this Gallery was a fit place from whence to ſee, without danger of diſcovery, all that he deſired to ſee. This only Imagination did almoſt bring him beyond himſelf; he fancied a thouſand things, which were to be acted in that Chamber; which thoughts tranſported him. The hour finally was no ſooner come of executing his deſign, but he took the way to the Caſtle, and rendred himſelf at the quarters of him, who had the care of the Garden; the entry into which he ſoon obtain'd under ſpecious Pretences. The night was very dark. He is the moſt ſatisfied of all men: But he was not yet where he wiſhed to be; and having found the door of the ſtaires of that Gallery ſhut, he found that he had rejoyced too ſoon, and that nothing was done yet to any purpoſe, except his Wit,

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or rather ſome help from Heaven did aſſiſt him in climbing up to that Gallery. Perſons of that Character, are ſo well accuſtomed to implore on all accounts the aſſiſtance of the Heavenly grace, that they employ their Vows & Prayers indifferently on good & bad things. Our Prelate goes and comes, ſeeks, runs all over the Garden without lighting of any thing that could ſo much as ſecond his good deſires: At laſt as he ſtood gazing towards the windows, whence there came forth a very great light, he thought that he ſaw ſomething hanging on the Gallery. He preſently takes hold of it, finds it to be a Rope, and that rope a Ladder, to get up thither. What joy was this for him! Thus was the Heavens open'd; he doubted not but that it was the happy *Counts* Amorous Ladder; and without looſing of time in reaſoning, whether one might with prudence adventure on it, carryed

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headlong by his Paſſion, he begins to climb with ſuch Nimbleneſs, and Dexterity, as did outgo the natural diſpoſition of his body; for the good Lord was ſomewhat loaden with matter. He was already got to the uppermoſt Round with his hand, when Misfortune would ſo have it, that an unlucky Spirit on the ſuddain looſen'd the Ladder, to make him break his neck. He had a Leg out of Joynt; and that was not all neither, for his Back, his Head, his Armes, and all the other parts of his Body, were made ſenſible of ſo cruel a Fall: Never was ſuch a Diſaſter, none but one ſo hardned unto misfortunes as he was, could endure the pain, and live. At the firſt he let go a very great Outcry, which he could not retain; after which uſing great violence with himſelf, to retrain from making any further noiſe, he endeavoured to drag himſelf as well as he could towards

that

that door he had come in at. He had rather have dyed a thousand times than given that satisfaction to the *Queen* and the *Count*, to let them know that it was he: *Oh! Unfortunate day*, cryed he to himself, *What a Night hast thou provided for me?* He was creeping as fast as he could, suffering in his Soul, as well as in his Body, such paines as it would be difficult to imagine, when he saw some People with a Lanthorn which was coming towards him: He was not in a condition to avoid them; *Who goes there?* cry'd a Man? He was so out of himself, that he knew not the Voice; and without speaking his Name, he desired him to call some body to assist him in an Accident that had befallen him; *What's that I hear*, said another? *Is it not the Bishop of* Cracovia? *Ah! My Lord*, replyed the pityful *Prelat*, with a strange surprisal, finding that it was the King; *Pardon an unfortu-*

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tunate Wretch, who is going to give up the Ghoſt, if no pitty be taken of him. *Sigiſmond*, the Prince of the World, the moſt tender, mov'd as much as he had been affrighted at this diſcourſe, inquired of him what he ailed, and whether he was wounded, and what he was come there to do? But the unfortunate Prelate, whether through the Anguiſh he felt, by his fall, or the Trouble he was in at the Kings preſence, did on the ſuddain looſe his ſpeech and fainted away.

Now that I may not confound my Recital with divers Incidents one upon another, which would be difficult to unravel all at once, as they happen'd that night, I ſhall begin to clear this, concerning the Biſhop.

The Duke, who had a more generous Soul than that of the Prelate, not being able to reſolve on the ruine of his Rival, through ſuch means, would not however neg-

neglect ſuch an Advice; but deſigned to advantage himſelf by it, if not as an open Enemy, yet however as a Jealous Lover. He had had the ſame thoughts of that Gallery as the Biſhop had. But he was ſo cautious as to fit himſelf with a Ladder of Rope, which had already ſerved him in other occaſions, better peradventure then this was. He came to the Garden, and through the means of ſome Iron hooks, which he caſt with ſtrength of arme on the Gallery, having found the means of faſtning his Ladder, he had got up very happyly; leaving his Machine hanging, that in caſe of neceſſity, it might alwayes be ready to deſcend.

The *Queen* was in her Chamber with the happy *Tarnaw*, without the leaſt care or fear, having no other witneſs, but Love; reliſhing all the delights which that God is capable to afford. The Bedſide on which they were, was ſo diſpoſed

that

that all could be ſeen that was done there from the Windows, whoſe Curtains by ill fortune were left undrawn; ſo that the over-curious Duke, did ſee with his own eyes ſuch things, as ſufficiently did puniſh his Curioſity. The *Queen* was ſeated on a pile of Cuſhions, of *Crimſon Damask*, and the Count near her, on the Carpet which cover'd the Eſtrade, having his fine head negligently reſting on that Princeſs knees; who paſſing her hand over his face, *Well* Tarnaw, ſaid ſhe, *will you eſcape from me any more; and ſhall I again be put to the trouble of ſeeking for you? I will infuſe ſo much Love into you*, added ſhe with ſome paſſion, *before you get out of my hands again, that you ſhall have no more eyes but for me: I conſent to it my Princeſs*, anſwered this Lover, with a paſſionate ayr, *Redouble, if it be poſſible, that heat that I feel for you: It can coſt me but my Life.*

But the pleasure to dye for so charming a Princess, is better than the happiest Life, that the Heavens can give. You have forgot the Dutchess then, replyed the *Queen* languishingly. *Ah! Madam,* replyed that Lover, *I have forgot all; and I only remember that I love, and that I am beloved of all that which is most charming in the World. That is not enough yet,* replyed the *Queen; I have something more to exact from your passion. What can you ask of me Madam,* replyed he, *but what my heart will rejoyce at the performance of? I will have you,* continued the *Queen, to tell me your whole story with the Dutchess.* Tarnaw began to sigh! *You sigh,* said that Princess? *Yes Madam,* replyed that Lover, *I sigh, because that I cannot guess at the pleasure you can have, in a Recital which can no longer have any thing that's pleasing for me, and much less for you.* But the *Queen* being resolved to be satisfied, the

Count was forced to put himſelf in a readineſs to obey her. The Duke, who till then, had open'd his Eyes and Eares, unto things that did burſt his heart, was preparing with this ſtory for ſuch a Regalia as would make an end of killing him. And I verily believe that this time he had wiſhed to have been both deaf and blind: But he was to follow his deſtiny. *Courage*, ſaid he, *Let us uſe the utmoſt of our Patience.* When a certain noiſe which was coming from that ſide his Ladder was on, through the ſtreſs which the Biſhop made in getting up, made him turn his head, and oblig'd him at the ſame time to go ſee what it was: He no ſooner perceived that it was a man, whoſe Curioſity it may be did carry him unto that Boldneſs, as to know for what uſe the Ladder was there, but looſening preſently the Hooks, he ſent him down again faſter than he had a mind to go. He heard

him cry out, but he little troubled himself with it; his soul was so fill'd with Spight and Rage, that there was no room left for Pity and Compassion. If he had known that it was the Bishop, he had consolated himself by it of part of his troubles; for he loved him not; and that was the only Pleasure that he was then capable of. He for some time after still lent an ear to observe, whether this Adventure would not have some other conclusion. He thought the man very patient to make no more noise than he did. But he was strangely surpris'd when he heard the Kings voice; he knew it too well, and it was too different from others to be mistaken. He did not well apprehend what He said; but as he thought He was speaking to the man that was fallen; which he fancyed might be some of his People, that he had sent to learn what passed on that side. He loft no time;

there

there was none to lose; and knocking two or three times at the *Queens* Chamber door, he caus'd a great Amazement in those two Lovers. The *Queen* strangely affrighted, rose with her Gallant to endeavour to get him off; but too late; the other doors were already seized on: Fear increases; she doubts not but that it is the King: She knows not what to do: No place secure to conceal the poor *Tarnay* in; there was nothing but the Chimney, which us'd to be lock'd up. She runs there with him, but no hopes of opening it. All thing conspire their Ruine. There's greater knocking than ever. The Queen is past all hopes; at last *Tarnay* makes a last attempt, and the danger giving him a double strength, he breaks the lock, and maugre all other Obstacles, he opens the Chimney, and finds it garnished with two persons, which the great Distraction he was in, did not

permit him to discern at first. The *Queen*, who was in too great a Disorder of mind to perceive it, thinks of nothing, seeing that door open, then to run at that they knocked at; and finds that it was the Duke of *Ostrog*: She remain'd confounded at it at first! But having a little re-assur'd her self, through the joy she had that it was not that which she feared; she set her self in a kew of quarrelling with the Duke, and asked with what Insolency he durst come at that hour thus to disturb her in her Chamber, to kill her with Fear? *It is not time now Madam*, replyed the Duke very seriously, and with a loud voice, *to treat me ill. I have seen all, I have heard all. And what have you seen or heard?* interrupted that Princess, *With what Authority do you come to examine my actions? Authority Madam* replyed the Duke? *I know what I owe you; But I give you notice that he that has all Right here, the King, is in the*

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Garden. The King in the Garden! replyed the Queen, changing her tone, *then you do revenge your ſelf my Lord Duke. It would not be againſt you Madam,* anſwered the Duke, *that I would revenge my ſelf. I can ruin you, I can ſave you; but make uſe of me, you will have occaſion for it, for the King is not here for nothing. Would you be generous,* replyed the Queen, *to that hight to forget.——You need not to fear any thing from me, Madam,* replyed the Duke, *and* Count Tarnaw *needs not to hide himſelf; It ſhould not be in ſuch an occaſion as this that I would appear his Enemy. But who do I ſee?* added he, crying out, *my Wife!* At theſe words the Queen alſo having turn'd her head, did not ſee with leſs ſurpriſal than he, the Dutcheſs of *Oſtrog*, and *Count Topor* coming out of the Chimney, with *Count Tarnaw*: They ſtood ſtaring on one another without one word ſpeaking, as if there had

been a kind of Enchantment amongſt them that had rendr'd them ſpeechleſs. But their Souls did not expreſs themſelves the leſs, through their Eyes and Actions, each conveying their ſighs on what concerned them moſt; above all the Queen, the Dutcheſs, and the Duke, who being agitated with different ſorts of Paſſions, had different Motions, which ſometimes led them towards Jealouſie, ſometimes towards Shame. This dumb ſhew was ſucceeded by another ſcene, which was no leſs troubleſome, which began at the Kings entring: This Prince very much troubled at the Biſhop's miſchance, who he thought to bee dead, had caus'd him to be taken up by his People which he had with him, and having given order to ſome body to take care of the unfortunate Prelate, and to put him without noiſe into ſome Chamber, not willing to loſe one moment of time for fear of any ſurpri-

ſal,

ſal, he cauſ'd two armed men to go before him, and advanced towards the Queens Appartment. He went up the Gallery, of which he had a key; and cauſing his two Guards to ſtay at the door, he went into the Queens Chamber. At firſt his Wonder was great, to find her in ſuch company; but his Joy was not leſs; for he had no deſire to find her guilty. That Princeſs, who had a Preſence of mind moſt admirable, did no ſooner ſee him, but running towards him; *Ah! Sir at this hour to return ſo unexpectedly, doubtleſs that ſome extraordinary buſineſs has happened.* The King was ſtill ſo diſturb'd at the troubleſome Diſtruſts which had brought him there, & eſpecially at the ſad ſight of the Biſhop of *Cracovia*, that he could not anſwer any thing to the Queen; which made that Princeſs to continue in this manner: *You doubtleſs think it very ſtrange, Sir, to ſee ſuch Perſons here, who according to a great deal*

of

of reason should not be together; But I was willing to end what I had begun; I thought, continued she, *that I should do a thing which would please you, in reconciling the Duke and* Count Tarnaw *together, and I have taken the most interrest'd Partyes for witnesses. I have heard the Justifications of the accused; and finally they are all agreed.* The King did seem to be well satisfied with that Accomodation, having no great difficulty of adding faith unto that which the Queen said, seeing that no Person in the Company durst contradict her: But for all that he had a design, to cause those three Lords to be arrested, if not on his account, at least on that of the Bishop's death, of whom he would know who was guilty; when one of his Servants came and told him, that the Bishop was better, and that his greatest hurt was his Ancle out of joynt. This news having in some measure setled the Kings mind, He appeared some-

something more chearful; but he being tired with his late journey, he would go rest himself, putting off till the morrow the further clearing of all that nights Adventures: The Queen followed him, and the rest of the Company went where they pleas'd; and I draw the Scene.

FINIS.